[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

JUGGLER OF NANKIN:

THE GRANDEE'S PLOT. A Story of the Celestial Empire.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER X.

GLIMMERINGS OF A DARK PLOT.



IE country estate of the Prince Kong ficen miles north
f Nankin. It had
een originally a
a garden, and was
sort of island sort of island sing up from a ow, marshy dis-cite through which an two or three auggish creeks, and ver which the wa-er stood a part of spacious and com-rer lived there from

e spacious and cere space spacious and cere space spac overy fact that the place was exceedingly un-thy. He had bought and improved it for a of sporting residence, and sometimes he did

has the way have a was accusingly also bankly. He had bought and improved it for a sort of sporting residence, and sometimes he did go up there in the heast of summer and spend a few weeks at catching fish in a nelighboring lake. On the ovening that Paul and Yaul arrived at the inn by the Tai-hou lake, the Princess Niso and her faithful Tai took up their abode at this place. The prince accompanied them thirter, and saw everything arranged for their confort. "Do you not think you shall be contented here "in aket Kong-ti, taking a near by the side of his fair wife. "O, yes. Though I hope you will come and see me often," replied the princess, missing her eyes tremblingly to her husband's face. "Yee, I shall come and see you very often tow. But for a few days you must be very careful of yourself, for the cool, damp air from the distant lake will be new to you. Do not expose yourself, now, for the world. As soon as you become habituated to the atmosphere you will find it bracing and health-giving, but a too sadden exposure might prove fatal in a very short time. I have known people to be taken away by death in a very few days in this vicinity; but it was because they had no such means of protection as you have. Be careful of yourself, Niso." "I shall be very careful," said the wife, "for I wish to like to only over love, in our world of the wife, "for I wish to like to only over love, in our produced the same of the wife, "for I wish to like to only over love, in our produced the world."

ments with more distrust, and yet without unjust pejudice.

"Cheer up, my lady," she at length said, in a cheerful tone. "I do not thick you are side at all, though the excitement of the occasion may have made you feel semewhat fatigued. I would give no thought to such things."

Eve long, beneath the kind and gentle attention of her faithful maid the princess recovered her woused peace of mind, though ever and anon a thought of her husband would file across the mirror of her thoughts, and for the moment she would feel asd. At a comparatively early hour Niso retired to her sleeping apartment, and, as as a laredy her custom, she had a bowl of tea placed upon the stand by her bed, for she often felt thirsty in the night—more from habit, perhaps, than from any constitutional want.

The apartment which Tis was to occupy was adjoining that of the princess, and only separated by a single door of bamboo and silk. The maids saw her mistress safely in bed, and having set the tea where it could be handly reached she went back and retired to her own room. She looked in once to see fiber mistress wanted anything, but finding her already saleep she went to her own bed. After mistress wanted anything, but finding her already saleep she went to her own bed. After he mistress wanted anything, but finding her already asked my her to the own bed. After her had all down, she refected long upon what had passed. Until within a very few days as he had had no such thing as a suspicion against the fath of the prince, but since then she had heard and seen things that aroused a quick spirit within her chelesand and seen things that aroused a quick spirit within the went of the county of the prince, but since then she had heard and seen things that aroused a quick spirit within her chelesand her had been attended to shake not seen in the extreme. Added to this she was discrete and wary, and possessed good diagnment enough to guide her had her had been attended to shake not seen in the extreme. Added to this she was discrete and wary, and

means of protection as you have. Be careful of yourself, Niso."

"I shall be very careful," said the wife, "for I wish to live to onjoy your love."

"But I do not think you look well, even now," returned the prince, looking Niso sharply in the face. "You look very pale, and I think your pulse is weak. Let me feel."
The wife put out her wrist, and the prince pressed his finger upon it. The fair hand trembled, and the excetement of the moment had touched the beating of her heart.
"It is weak," the prince said, "and you must be very careful. Let your maid watch you well, and you must try to rest to-night as much as possible. In a day or two I shall come to see you, and perhaps spend some time with you. You will be strong then."
"But can you not stop to-night?"
"No, that were impossible, for I have business in the city. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. And I must hurry away, too, or I shall be late." Shortly afterwards the prince took his leave, and when he had gone Tsi brought in candles to the apartment of her mistress, and also went at work to build a fire in the bronze frame that was tablict out from the himse, for the nire was really the color was the work to build a fire in the bronze frame that was built out from the himse." the apartment of her mistress, and also went at work to build a fire in the bronze frame that was built out from the chimney, for the air was really damp and cold. When this was done, she came to ask if there was anything else she could do for her mistress.

or mistress.
"Nothing but to sit down and keep me comuny," returned the princess. "I do not feel

well." Why—what is the matter?" quickly in-quired the maid, gazing up into Niao's face.
"I'm sure I do not know; but I do not feel well. The prince noticed is first, and he said that I must be very careful. Bus perhaps it may have been only his natural fear for my safety." Tait turned away her head, for strungs suspi-cious were running through her mind, and she did not care that the surjeces should see them. was not blinded by any love for Kong ti, she consequently looked upon his move-

her former suspicions passed quickly through her mind. "Harm must be meant to Niao," thought Tsi. "But how? She is not surely harmed now. There is a plot in this, and I

her mind. "Harm must be meant to Niso," thought Tsi. "But how? She is not surely harmed now. There is a plot in this, and I must know it. The state of the state

bed.
"Tai," repeated the princess, rubbing hereyes, and then half raising herself upon beelbow. "I am glad it is you, for I feared something III. I think I have been dreaming. But
why did you come?"
"I heard a noise in your room, my lady—anoise that I feared might disturb you, and I
come in."

"Theard a noise in your room, my lady—a noise that I feared might disturb you, and I camelin."

"Ah, I thought I heard something—or I dreamed it."

"Ah, I thought I heard something—or I dreamed it." said Niao, rising herself to a sitting posture. "And what did you find? Was it not me monating in my sleep?"

"No," returned Tai, speaking with easy confidence. "I found that a large, ugly bat had got into your room, and just as I opened the door he planged into your bowl of tea. The little vampys must have been in here when you retired, for he had no chance to get in since; but I have thrown him out the window, and I will empty the tea and make you some more if you would like."

"No, no," said Niao, with a shudder. "I can get along without it. I am glad you came, for I might have drank the tea and not discovered the ugly occupant of the bowl. I think I shall not be troubled again."

The maid kindly smoothed down the pillow of her mistress, and having taken up the bowl of tea she went back to her own room and lighted a candle. Among her things she found an empty phila, and with a spoon she skimmed off the oily particles which she had discovered upon the surface of the beverage. They were smaller now than they had appeared when first noticed, and she was soon convinced that ere long they would have entirely disappeared. As soon as she had filled her phila she poured the rest of the tea away, and having carefully rinsed the bowl she placed the phila in a place of safety, and then went once more to her bed. She was head and the surface of the two would have entirely disappeared. As soon as he had filled ther phila she gley of the unfortunate princess, and that there would be less danced only part of her discovery, or hinted at any of her suspicious. She knew that he could watch over the safety of the unfortunate princess, and that there would be less darger of her knowledge being discovered if she kept it all to herself. Still she was in no cnvisional that the could watch over the safety of the unfortunate princess, an

THE NIGHT-WATCH, AND THE SERPENT.

the startied at seeing the form of a man just dis-appearing through an aperture near the head of the hed. She did not cry out, nor make the least motion, though the sight starried her not a little. She saw the dusky form disappear, and then she saw the place close up. The pale beams of the moon afforded her light enough to see all this, for the candle which her mistress had left burning was extinguished. Tel listen-ed attentively, and heard low footsteps receding from the place, and they sounded as though they were descending a stairway.

from the place, and they sounded as though they were descending a stairway.

As soon as the sound was gone, Tai moved softly into the chamber and noiselessly approached the bed. The princess was sleeping soundly, and seemed not to have been disturbed. The maid looked about the room, and everything seemed as she had left it. What had that man been doing here? It was a question she asked herself, and she sank into a chair to think. All

THE MIGHT-WACH, AND THE SERPENT.

On the following morning the princess arose early, and in company with Tel she walked out into the garden, but she did not remain long, for the air that came up from the low, damp marsh in the distance was not only chilly, but its vapors were disagreeable and penetrating. As they returned to the house they were met by Li, the prince's condiential valet and attendant. He was a young man, somewhere about thirty years of age, with a quick, intelligent look, but yet with an evil expression about his strongly matical the control of the contr

the prince on his long journeys, and he was often closested with Kong-ti for bours together. Now the princess had a strange dread of this man, not because she over entertained the feat that he would harm her, but because it seemed to her that her husband loved him better than he did herself.

Li saluted the women as he met them, and Tein noticed that he veyed the face of the princess very sharply. She did not like the movement. She wondered why he had been left there, and she naturally came to the conclusion that it was for no good cause. She made up her mind to watch him.

Shortly after they returned to the house breakfast was ready, and it was served in the spacious drawing-room which connected with their chambers. After the meal was finished, and the dishes cleared away. Tal saked to be spared for a while, and her mistress gave a ready assent. The maid went to her chamber and got the philip, and her mistress gave a ready assent. The maid went to her chamber and got the philip, and her mistress gave a ready assent. The maid went to her chamber and got the philip, and her mistress gave a ready assent. The maid went to her chamber and got the philip, and her mistress gave a ready assent. The was a small building, erected over an artificial pond, in which were kept two commoratus—so not of water-raven which feeds on fish. These two birds had been trained to each fais he marked the one she had thus treated, and then let it go. The bird the was the princess do the her and the secured to betury no indignation at the liberal treatment it had recieved. This watched it for some minutes, but inding that the tea produced no immediate effect, which was a produced no immediate effect, which was a second to betury no indignation at the liberal treatment it had recieved. This watched it for some minutes, but inding that the tea produced no immediate effect, which are the share of the particular of the particular of the particular of the particular in the second part of the day they are also and the particular of the particu

The faithful maid watebed him as he left the apartment, and shortly afterwards she heard the tramp of a hose. She looked out of the window, and saw Li riding off towards Nankin.

"I think my husband loves me," said the princess, arousing from a deep reverie into which she had fallen.

"I should think you would find happiness in such a thought," was the girl's reply.

"O, I should if I were sure of it."

"Then you are not wholly assured that he loves you ?"

"At times I feel so; but then other thoughts come to cloud the happiness of the idea. If he loves me, why should he wish me here? I hope he loves me, why should he wish me here? I hope he loves me, and I wish I could secure the belief free from all doubt. "Well," returned Tai, "perhaps ere long all doubts will be removed, and until that time be as happy as you can. Do not worry your mind with useless surmises or groundless fears. And now let me ask of you a fazor. I am very much fatigued—I slept but little last night, and I should like to lie down and otatin a little rest."

Of course the princess gladly granted the request, but the maid first obtained little rest."

saigned—I slept but little last night, and I hould like to lie down and obtain a little reat."

Of course the princess gladly granted the request, but the maid first obtained from her a promise that she would call be left I/L returned, or if any one at all came from the city. It was now near five o'clock, and Tel hoped that she might gain some hours of rest. She went into her own chamber, and having closed the door she softly entered the sleeping-room of her mistress. She knew the very spot where ahe had seen the man disappear on the night before, and thirden the state of the sleeping room of the mistress. She knew the ratention. The wainscotting was all of camphor wood, and worked in deeply carred panels, each panel containing a hierogly-phie quotation from some religious book of maxima. Upon a close examination Tel found that the panel next to the head of the bed was worn in one or two places, as though by friction in sliding against some other hard substance, and also that it was loose, though she could not move it from its place. She was confident, however, that it was a movable panel, and that she had not been played upon by any wild hallocination, and having thus satisfied herself, she went back to her own chamber and lay down upon her bed. She was somewhat fatigued, and ere long she fall asleep.

It was ten o'clock when Tsi awoke, and havening at once to the drawing-room, she found

and having thus satisfied herself, she went back to her own chamber and lay down upon her bed. She was somewhat fatigued, and ere long she fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock when Tsi awoke, and hastening at once to the drawing-room, she found her mistress still sitting up.

"You should have cauled me before," she said, looking up at the dial with some surprise. "I did not mean to sleep so long,"
"But you slept so soundly," returned the princess, with a kind smile, "that I would not awake you. I have not been fatigued."
"But you must have been sleep;"
"Has any one visited you;"
"No. I have neither seen nor heard any one since you left me; except once when I entered your chamber."
Tai was satisfied with this, and shortly after wards she helped her mistress to undress.
"You will not sleep much, I am afraid," remarked Niao, after she had lain down.

"O, I shall not suffer on that account," returned Tai. "I don't know out that my nap will make me more sleepy. I will go and pre-pare your ten, and then I will retire, and if you are disturbed in the night I shall be the more ready to attend to you."

The princess acknowledged her graitinde by a smile, and having placed one of the candles upon the side-board the maid went out to prepare the tea. When this' was done she set the bowl upon the sind-board the maid went out to prepare her the substituted of the said of the substituted of the substituted in the night I shall be the more ready to attend to you."

The princess acknowledged one of the candles upon the side-board the maid went out to prepare her to the substituted to the substituted in the night I shall be the more ready to attend to you."

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intended to sit thus the unwholesome dampt of the atmosphere. She had not been in a position more than a minute when she was tracted by the sound of low, stealthy footst upon the pavement of the court. She loo eagerly out into the gloom, and at length was confident that she saw two dusky figures proaching the house. She watched them n

voices, but sho could neither understand what was said, nor distinguish the speakers. In a few moments the hum ceased, and the figures moved out into the main walk, and soon afterwards disappeared around an angle of the building. This was now all allow with excitement, but yet not unnerved. She walted a few moments to see if the Intring figures would re-appear, but seeing nothing of them she noiselessly closed the window, and then moved towards her own bedroom and stationed herself at the silken door. For two hours she watched there without seeing anything, and she had just moved to the side of her bed to sit down, when her quick ear caught the sound of a movement in Niao's chamber. She gilded quickly to the door and peeped through the aperture she had made in the silk. The panel in the wainscotting was just being slowly moved from its place, and in a moment more This saw the head and shoulders of a man. The face was concealed by a robe which was pulled up over the lower features, leaving the eyes alone visible. The girl's heart beat quick, and her breath came short and heavy, but her thoughts were clear, and her wits were at hand. The man, for a man it surely was—put his head, into the room and gased carefully about him. Then he bent his ears as if to listen, and seeming assured that the occupant of the bed skept soundly he noiselossly entered. He first moved towards the sideboard upon which the waxen taper was burning, and as he ste the robe fall from his features in order to free his mouth, that he might extinguish the light, Til awa his face. A sudden faintness came over her, and an exclamation of horror came high excepting bet lips, for she had seen the well-marked features of Prince Kong til Almost unable to credit the evidence of her own senses she gased more intently upon the face of the intruder. That face was now close to the light, and every feature was revealed. There was no room for doubt—the work of the newly rise moon. This moved now, gased once more you the sleeper's face—and then glided back fr

"She could not have drank any of it," the girl

"She could not have drank any of it," the girl distinctly heard Li say; but the answer of the princes the could not understand.
"How much will it take?" Li asked.
"But very little. A few swallows will be sufficient," returned the prince. Tai was sure that those were this words.
She tried to hear more, but though an occasional word came distinctly to her cars, yet she could not make out the connexion. At length the prince walked away, and Li turned and went around the building. The girl watched for some time longer, but as she saw nothing more of the men she arose from her seat. Before she did so, however, she heard the distant tramp of a horse upon the city road. She knew it was the prince returning to Nankia!

The handmaden returned to her chamber and looked in upon the princess. Niso was just

The handmaider returned to her chamber and looked in upon the princess. Niso was just reaching forth for the bowl, but Zii did not open the door nor give any signal of her presence. She saw her mistress driuk and then lie down again. Then the girl left her post and sought her bed. She did not sleep, for she felt no desire to lose herself in slumber. She listened for any movement that might come from the adjoining chamber, and while she listened she reflected upon what had passed. She had a difficult task before her, for the princess must know what had transpired just she did not shrink from the work now—she only felt sad and heart-sick to think of the blow that was to fall upon the sensitive soul of her beloved mistress.

CHAPTER XII

A LONG PASSAGE

AFTER Paul Ardeen had seen the juggler enr the inn he sought the side of Yu-la. His
ind was in a whirl of excitement, for he knew
of what course to pursue. He feared to meet

Ye-fo-hi, not that any personal danger could ac-crue to himself, but for fear that in some way he might be separated from his companion. Even the bare thought of this latter catastrophe filled crue to himself, but for fear that in some way he might be separated from his companion. Even the bare thought of this latter catastrophe filled his soul with pain, and in a measure incapacitated him for calin judgment. He knew well the promise he had given to the juggler, and he feared that even now the strange man was in pursuit of him. If such was the case, and he was discovered, he might be detained, and by being thus subject to scrutiny the secret of his companion's sect be revealed. A thousand dim, undefined fears whited painfully through his mind, and at length he resolved to escape unobserved from the place if possible. He knew that he had pledged his word with the juggler, for the performance of a certain work, but the after the could not a single instant to be set at sacrifice for that. He tried to make it appear that there would be no danger—that he had better remain where he was, than attempt oc escape, but the could not. The confidence which, at the ruins, he had felt in the juggler, was gone, and once more came the distrust—the dim dread of the strange man. Had he been alone he would have given the man hardly a thought beyond the natural curiosity which his heart beat.

"Panl," said the fair maiden, looking up with sudden surprise, "you seem troubled. What is it?"

Panl said own for a moment, and bowed his heart beat.

"Panl," said the fair maiden, looking up with sudden surprise, "you seem troubled. What is it?"

Panl as down for a moment, and bowed his heard. His thoughts were quickly framed, and returning his companion's look, he said:

"I think we had better leave this place."

"Panl," said the fair maiden, looking up with sudden surprise, "you seem troubled. What is it?"

Panl said own for a moment, and bowed his head. His hought see and all have no desire to run say risk. If we could get away unobserved, I think the hould do sand I have no desire to run say risk. If we could get away unobserved, I think a head he say had a few minutes since will necognize me if he sees mo, and I have no desi

"O, Paul, if there be daager let us flee," cried Tu-lu, in terror.
"Do not be too much alarmed, for there may be no real daager."
"But who is this man?"
"Did you ever hear of Ye-fo-hi?"
"What—the Juggler of Nankin?" asked the maiden, starting.
"Yes."
"I have often heard of him. The prince has told me of him, and I think the prince feared him. He is a terrible man."
"In what is to terrible "Paul asked, ready at any moment to seek information respecting the juggler's real character.
"His power is dreasfful," answered Yu-lu, with a hudder. "I have heard my uncle space, of him, and the prince has told me of him. If he is here, and knowa you, let us flee."
Again Paul considered, but by this time the idea had become firmly fixed in him mind that if the juggler discovered him, Yu-lu would be snatched from him. He forgot all his cooler judgment—he forgot all his sanched from him. He forgot all his cooler judgment—he forgot all his sanched from him. He forgot all his cooler judgment—he forgot all his matural bolthness. Love had made him fearful, and in this frame of mind he resolved to fies. The juggler appeared only an evil spirit to his excited inagination, and he thought only of escaping from him.

He "Yu-lu," he said, "did you ever mistrust why the prince feared Ye-fo-hi?"

"Yes, I have had my thoughts on the subject when heard fall from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that such prince's wife. From words that I have heard fall from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that such prince's wife. From words that I have heard fall from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that such prince's wife. From words that I have heard fall from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that such prince's wife. From words that I have heard fall from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that such befine the maske.

A hearn of intelligence shot across Paul's mind. This was exactly in accordance with the juggler whose the told Y-ta's of his meeting the strange man in the ruins, and of the promise which he himself then maske.

ple, and our hero thought now that he had a clue to the whole. He told Ya-lu of his meeting the strange man in the ruins, and of the promise which he himself then made.

"And," he added, "I have no doubt that the juggler wishes to get you into his hands as an evidence against the faithless prince."

And Xu-lu's fears ran in the same channel. It was, they both thought, a natural conclusion, and of course their minds were made up to get away from the place as quickly as possible.

Paul remembered that there was a back way leading to the stables, and that from the stables he could pass out into the garden. This way he resolved to try, and having examined his platols, and helped Yu-lu arrange her dress, he went to do on an object of the door and looked out into the passage. He could hear voices in the bar-room, but the way to the stables seemed to be clear. He went back and took Yu-lu by the hand, and bade her bed good courage. She assured him that she should not falter, and with this assurance he set forth. He passed on by the head of the stairs that led down into the hall, and descended by a sort of ladder that was used by the servants. This led him to the back entry-way, and on opening the door at the foot of the ladder he found on opening the door at the foot of the ladder he found himself, as he supposed he should, in the passage leading to the stable,

"You will not take the horses, I suppose," whispered the maiden.

"No," returned Paul. "We could not get clear with them, and, besides, we do not want them. We must make our escape by water."

It was now quite dark, and our adventurers were quite secure from observation. They had no difficulty la making their way to the garden, and after soon beneroad from the inn, and then started at once for the shore of the lake. Here they found quite a number of boats, and luckily Paul soon discovered the very one in which he had crossed the lake before, and on hailing the eaptain he found that he had remained upon that side off the lake vere rance, only oping out occasiona

ns were raised.
"Wait till morning," urged the captain, "and

then I'll start as early as you wish

"Was tui morning," urged the expanin, "and then I'll start as early as you wish."

But Paul urged his business—he must be in Shanghai at such a time. Then the capitain talked about the weather—he was fearful of a storm. At length Paul said something about yold, and the captain's ears were opened. An ounce of gold possessed the "Open sessure" upon the fellow's will, and in a few minutes the crew were called to get up the iron-wood anchor and make sail. They grumbled considerably at the order, and at first seemed unwilling to obey. Paul was anxious that there should be no disturbance, and slipping forward he placed a piece of silver in the hands of each, and from that moment they had no more objections. In half an hour the clumay vessel was clear of the shore, and poking lazily through the water. The wind was from the south, and though not very fresh, was yet strong enough to fill the lumbering bamboo sails and shove the creft shead at a fair walking pace.

"Wo are clear now." said Paul, as he sat ly.

bamboo saits and survey waid Paul, as he sat by Walking pace.

"We are clear now," said Paul, as he sat by Yulu's side under the weather quarter rail;

"and I am glad that the juggler came as he did, for it has been the means of hurrying us along

"and I am glad that the juggler came as he did, for it has been the means of hurrying us along in our journey."

"I hope we are asso," was Yu-la's reply.
"I hope we are seen so," was Yu-la's reply. She did not speak as one having any fear, but yet there was a tinge of anxiety in her tone.
"O, I am almost certain of safety now," quickly returned Paul, in a light, confident tone; for when we reach the opposite shore we shall be only about a day's journey from Shanghai free can obtain more horses, and when once in Shanghai we shall be most assuredly safe, for no power can take you from me then. Courage, my love, and let hope be your star to-night."
Yu-lu pressed her lover's hand, and in low tones she murmured her sweet hopes. Once more the dangers were forgotten, and together they wandered off into the heaven which their loves had made. As hour they passed there in holy, happy communion of soul with soul, rivering more firmly the bonds of affection, and probing more deeply into each other's heart-ing more firmly the bonds of affection, and probing more deeply into each other's heart-ing more firmly the bonds of affection, and probing more deeply into each other's heart-ing more firmly the bonds of affection, and probing more deeply into each other's heart-ing more firmly the bonds the carth but lightly with their feet, for their dreams were of heaven, of a heaven which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had prove out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of their own souls, and into which had grown out of the

sucn a tuning as separation could come, for they thought only of the things of life; and a separation would have been death most surely.

At length, as the air grew more damp and chill, Paul conducted his sweet companion to the low, dingy cabin, where there were some half dozen bamboo frames suspended from the low, dingy cabin, where there were some half dozen bamboo frames suspended from the beams overthead, and in which were mattresses and blankets. Paul assisted Yu-lu to get into one of these swinging cois, and then he took possession of the one next to her. Ye-lu murmured the prayer which Paul had taught her, and having bade him good-inght, she closed her eyes to sleep, and shortly afterwards the youth himself ank to slumber with a prayer upon his lips; it was a prayer for the gentle, confiding being who had trusted her whole of earthly eare to his keeping—and he prayed that God would amile upon his faith, but crease to bless him when he should forget to live for Yu-lu. Before he help the knew that the breeze was freshening, and this gave him more comfort, for he thought he was being wafted more swifty towards his haven of safety.

Paul was dreaming a wild fantastic dream, in which Yu-lu, Ye-fo-hi, the prince and himself were strangely mixed up, when he experienced a shock that came nigh throwing him from his cot. He heard a loud crashing above this head, mingled with the shrieks and yells of the crew. As soon as he could fairly recover himself he sprang from his place of rest and spoke to Yu-lu. She was frightened, but Paul made her promise to remain where she was till he returned, and then he hastened on deck. He found that the mast had gone over the side, and that the one-sided bowsprit was also gone.

"Tien-tan have mercy!" cried the captain, dying about the deck like a crasy man, gazing free at the soliton.

"Tien-tan have merey!" cried the captain, flying about the deck like a crazy man, gazing first at the splintered stump of his mast, and then running to the bows to see how the deck was torn up where the heel of the bowsprit had come out.

was torn up where the heel of the bowsprist had come out.

It was some time before Paul could get the fellow to answer any questions, but when he had partially come to his senses our hero found that he vessel had struck a rock, and on following the direction of the capitain's finger he awa tail dark pyramid looming up his under the quarter. The rock was plainly in sight, lifting itself boldly from the water, and the creat had struck a rock had struck a rock had struck on the towsprip plump upon it. The mast had been a worn-eaten, roten affair, and that had gone from the force of the concussion. Paul knew that the accident was the result of the most reck less neglect, and he berased the lubberly capitain soundly, but the lesson had no more effect than it would had it been delivered to the wind, and Paul gave over the task. As soon as he found that there was no immediate danger he hastened below to set Yu-lu's fears at rest, and as soon as he learned all the particulars she accompanied her lover on deck.

Paul now set about the work of finding if there was any leak, and in this he had to take helad, for the captain could only find time to bemoan the loss of his worthless spars. The hull of the vessel was found only find time to be moan the loss of his worthless spars. The hull of the vessel was found to have sustained no serious injury. There was one slight leak there were any means at hand by which the vessel could be kept upon her course. He found one solitary oar, and a long pole with a setting-pike in one end and a hook in the other. There was not a sparse park, nor was there such a thing as an inch of sail.

"What can we do 1" saked the youth, after he had made an examination of everything on board. It was some time before Paul could get th

"Do nothing but trust to Buddha," replied

pose Buddha will not help you?"

e captain.

"But suppose Buddha will not he
"Then I'll pray more."

"But if he does not listen then?"

"I'll burn gold paper for him."

"But if he refuses then?"

"I'll burn more."

"Hu burn gold paper for him."
"But if he refuses then ""
"Fill burn more."
"And suppose he is silent still ?"
The Chinaman gased up with a sort of bewildered expression, and after a few moments
of thought he said:
"Perhaps you are so wicked that the great
Baddha thinks I had no business to take you."
Paul could not but smile at the fellow's simple faith in the power of his Buddha, but he smile soon faded away, for he began to realize
that he might have to spend a long time on board the lumbering wreck. There was no bear of the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum of means of putting the hulk upon her course, and after considering upon every possible point our hero came to the said conclusion that the vessel
must have her own way. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the wind was still from the south. As near as Paul could calcu-late, they were being drifted through the water at the rate of about two miles an hour, but not more than that.
"It's hard," he said. addressing. Yu. 19 10.

at the rate of about two miles an hour, but not more than that.

"It's hard," he said, addressing Yu-la, after they had gone back to the cabila. "We may be two or three days knocking about here."

The maiden was greatly troubled when she saw that her lover was uneasy, for she trusted all to him. Peaul saw this, and with an effort he threw off all appearance of fear and tried to make it appear that there was but little room yet for danger.

"I'm sorry to be thus detained," he said, drawing the maiden upon his bosom, "but we have not much to fear. As soon as we touch the shore we can find horses, and then set forward at full speed. Let us hope for the best." Ya-lu did hope, and being fully assured that there was no immediate danger from the elements, she once more sought her rest.

When the daylight at length came, Paul went on deck and took a survey of the horizon, but he could see no signs of land. The wind still beld from the southward, and at sunrise it seemed to freshen a little. The captain had recovered his self-possession in part, though he still bewalled his lose, but when Paul toul him that would give him enough to buy new spars and sails he became cheerful and happy.

That day passed away, and Paul spent the greater part of it in teaching Yu-lu to speak his work language. He was surprised at the progress she made, and as he redoubled his exertions she appreciated it by the increased attention which she gave to his instructions. On the next morning land was to be seen to the northward, but the wind died away almost to a calm, so that at night they had made but a few miles nearer to the distant shore. On the third morning they could see that the shore was considerably nearer, but the wind dhe halled to the southward and eastward, and though its blew quite fresh, yet Paul did not like it, for it was blewing him in a way he had no wish to go. On the fourth morning the shore was not more than fifteen miles distant, but the wind was very low, and it was not until near evening that they managed to get off a b

and he conducted Paul to a small in in where were found very respectable accommodations. The youth did not darn low to trust himself way from Yu-lu, so he engaged a single room, making phis own bed upon the floor, while his companion occupied the bamboo couch.

Night came on, and Paul and Tw-lu joined their hands in silent prayer. The youth gazed out upon the starry heavens, and his eyes rested upon a point towards his native land. At that moment he thought of the fairy takes he used to read when he was a boy, and he even prayed that some kind genie would take him up with his love and earry him away to his island home. He was sorry that the age of the genii had passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RUPTURE IN THE PLOT.

A RUPTURE IN THE PLOT.

WITHE Paul Ardeen and Yu-lu were upon
the lake, let us look into the palace of the Prince
Kong-ti at Nankin. It was on the very morning after the terrible discovery was made by Tei
at the house in the country. The prince was in
one of his own private rooms drinking tea. It
was well into the forenoon, and yet the grandee
had but just risen. His face was pale and careworn, though ever and anon a flush would pass
over his features, moving the muscles with
quick, decided emotions. Several times he looked at his watch, and at length he left his tea and quick, decided emotions. Several times he look-ed at his watch, and at length he left his tea and finished his morning's toilet. Ere long after this was done a page entered the room and in-formed him that two officers whished to see him. He ordered them to be shown to him, and ere long two fat, greasy-looking mandarins were "sub-red into the room.

ushered into the room.

"I knock my head to the great prince of Nankin," fervently uttered the first, making a bow almost to the floor.

"I shut my eyes in the presence of the illustrious brother of the great Son of Heaven," said the second, bowing lower than his companion.

"Tay-tsu, and you, Li-tsong, are both welcome," said the prince; and thereupon there
succeded any quantity of bowing of hada,
swinging of hands, scraping of feet, and utterings
of set phrases.
"You have sent for us," said Tay-tsu, after
he had settled his obese body into a big chair.
"You have sent for us," repeated Li-tsong,
accompanying the words with a motion that
deposited his load of fat in a second chair.
"Yes, I have sent for you," said the prince,
now seating himself. As he speke he looked
very grave and sad, and a tear was forced into
his eyes. "I have sent for you," he continued,
"to open to your ears a thing that will make the
nation weep."
Kong:i here stopped and wiped away the tear
which had grown cold upon his check, and the
he continued:
"I fear that the Great Spirit of heaven smits

Kong-ti here stopped and wiped away the tearwhich had grown cold upon his cheek, and then he continued:

"I fear that the Great Spirit of heaven wants another soul to keep him company. Niao can live but a short time longer."

"The princess!" cried both the mandarine at a breath.

"Even so," said the prince. "The dark death-spirit has been at her side for many days and many nights, and I fear she cannot live to see the setting of this day's sun. I would have you prepare the people for the sai intelligence, and have the bourse all at prayer continually. Let the drums in the temples be beat window ceasing, and let Buddha be propitiated with befitting gifus."

At this point the prince fairly wept, and the fat mandarins shook with well managed emotion.

"Alas! I know not," groomed Kong-di. "It is a strange cating away of life, such as I have never before seen. You may go now and do at I have bid. Let not the noise be too great, for I am said and rolled in the dast of affliction."

The mandarins arose from their seats and bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low, and then they backed out from bowed very low.

I have bid. Let not the noise be too great, for I am sad and rolled in the dass of affliction."

The mandarins arose from their seats and bowed every low, and then they backed out from the apartment, and went away to perform their melancholy mission. As soon as the prince was left alone he arose from his seat and started across the room; but he was left not long to enough the own society undisturbed, for, shortly after the mandarins had left, Li entered his presence.

"Ah, good Li," uttered the grandee, "you are come in season. What of the princess ?"

"I think all is well," returned the attendant.

"But I have prepared our people for her death. Think you it will follow ?"

"Yes. After you left me last night I went around and ascended a tree near the window of her chamber. By the strong moonlight I could see the bed and the woman, for my position just admitted of that and no more. I saw her take the bowl and drink, and I think she must have drank considerable."

"A single swallow would prove fatal in time," said the prince, "and three swallows will kill her in less than from san to sun. Did you see her this morning ?"

"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but "No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but "No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but "No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but

her this morning?"
"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but

ner in ress than from san to sun. Did you see her this morning?"

"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but she was not up."

"Then the work is going on," said the prince, with a look and tone of relief. "I think she will see the last of this life before the day is done. She will be better off away from this earth."

"I think you will be well rid of her before the sun is set," added Li, with a congratulatory look, "and then nothing will be in your way."

The prince took two or three turns up and down the room, evidently in deep thought. He did not seem to be troubled at all by what he was doing, but only by what he should do after the darkest part of his work should be consummated. His idea of woman was not an exalted noe. Lake most of his countrymen he looked upon the other sex as something only fashloned for his use and service, and he never realized that there were such things as mutand obligations between husband and wife. He was sorry that his laws would not allow him to marry as many wires as he pleased, for then he might have been spared the trouble of his present work. To be sure he might take to himself as many hand-madidens as he could afford to buy, but she whom he now sought could never be franged to a position so degrading. The emotion uppermost in bis bosom was, gratitude that the way to the possession of the matchless Yu lu was now opended to him—he fet no sorrow for the terrible plan he was obliged to adopt to carry forward his purpose.

At length the prince stopped in his walk and looked at his tatendars.

plan he was obliged to adopt to carry forward his purpose.

At length the prince stopped in his walk and looked at his attendant.

At length the prince stopped in his walk and looked at his attendant.

"Good Li," he said, "you may go at once and send off messengers to inform the relatives of Niso that she is surely dying. Have themisformed that their kinsvoman is seized with a dreafful malady, and—"

The prince was here broken in upon by a loud noise from the hall, and before he had time to take any steps to ascertain its cause the door of his apartment was burst open, and a woman, all dust-covered and toll-worn, rushed in. Half a dozen of the servants followed in hot haste to drag her back, but the prince had recognized the new-comer, and with a quick motion he drove his servants sheek. It was the woman Lan who had come. Kong-ti uttered an exclamation of wild actionishment when he saw her, and as zoon as the room was clear, and he knew that the servants were out of hearing, he sank down into a chair.

"Town Lan" he seided teambling, which will be a believe to the same communication of the communication o

sevants were out of hearing, he sank down into a chair.

"Lan—Lan," he cried, trembling violently, "why are you come?"

But it was some moments before the woman could reply, and a second time the prince asked the question. In time, however, she spoke:
"My master," she said, "did you know that Fan king had left the place beneath the temples?"
"Left his post? Fanking? Left the temples?" exclaimed the prince. "Has he dared to do is?"

"Then you did not send a young man there to take his in place?" said the woman, neaking?

"Then you did not send a young no to take his place?" said the woman,

to take his place: seeman? By the great Spirit
"Send a young man? By the great Spirit
of heaven, woman, speak and tell me what you
mean?" cried the prince, starting up from his
seat and grasping the messenger by her arm.

"A few nights since, my master—on the very night after you were last there—a young man came down and told us you had sent him in Fau-ting's place, and that we should see Fau-king no more."

"But Yu-lu! you have not dared to leave her alone!"

The woman dared not speak. She moved still further back, but the prince followed her up. "Speak!" he gasped, sciaing her again by the arm. "Full me all you know. Did you leave Ya-lu there alone?"

"Sk has Hed!" whispered Lan; and as she spoke she sank down upon her knees and clasp-clar hands.

The prince recoiled a few steps like one who has received a death-stroke. He glared upon the woman before him, and with an instinctive movement he snatched his dagger from its sheath, but in a moment more he put it back again, if Fid!" he al length uttered, in a deep, husly tone. "She fied, and you yet alive?" "Alas, my master, I could not help it. Listen to me, and you shall see that I am not to blane. Fasking is the one who must have been overcome."

Fan-king is the one who must have been overcome."

The prince sat down and beckoned for Lan to protect, while Li went to see that no one was near the doors. After this the woman went on and told her story. She told how Fan-king had left the subternanean apartments, and how, shortly afterwards she had given entrance to the young stranger without noticing that he was not the ennach. She told how framkly he had spoken to her, and how he offered to watch during the night. On the next morning she had found hererel alone. She went up among the ruins and searched them all through, and when she found they were gone, she had hastened at once to Nankin.

found they were gone, she had hastened at once to Nankin.

"And Fancking?" uttered the prince, when the woman had closed her story.

"I have seen nothing of him."

Konga' was stricken with a fearful emotion. It was not all anger, nor was it all sorrow. It was a sort of wild, tumultous strill of varied passion, and for a while he seemed totally un-table to think or acc.

"Prince," said Li, seeing how his master was simuted, "she has evidenty fled, and can only be caught by quick pursuit. Some one must have lan in watch at the ruins and discovered par secret, and thus gained access to the place. Perhaps it was some one who had known her before.

your secret, and thus gained access to the place. Perhaps it was some one who had known her before.

"Lan," exclaimed the prince, at this juncture, "did you see them together—this young man and Yu-lu !"

"For a few moments."

"How did they appear!"

"Once she had been weeping, I am sure. I did not think of it then, but the thought has come since that there was much love between them."

"By the throne of heaven's great Spirit!"

"I have the empire but I find them. You know not which way they went!"

"I know they came this way as far as the able to the Laco, and from thence they must have struck off further to the southward," replied Lan. "There, at the hamlet, I heard of a young man and a boy. The man I know must have struck off further to the southward," replied Lan. "There, at the hamlet, I heard of a young man and a boy. The man I know must have struck off further to the southward," for his struck off further to the southward, and the boy must have been Yu-lu."

"A few moments the prince thought while he walked up and down the room, and when he stopped he seemed to have regained his strength of mind.

"Li," he said, "I cannot leave my palace now, for I must be here. I wish my wife were not quite so sick. But we have faithful men. Send off three detachments of three men each. Take my old guard. You take such men asy now please and go direct to Tal-ping, and from theme follow on towards the Tal-hou lake. Let be others keep further to the southward. O, bring them to me and you shall groan beneath we weight of the wealth I will heap upon you. Let the others think this is a hand-maiden of mind, and hewer that you do not unguardedly tell too much. Perhapa you can find her, Li." The country shall be well scarched, at all events," was Li's reply. "If I can but once get upon their track. I will have them."

"Do not spare horse-fiesh," cried the excited grandee.

"Never Gar but that I shall take every means of motive power within my reach." confidently

grandee.

"Never fear but that I shall take every means of motive power within my reach," confidently returned Li. "I am not in the habit of besitating at trifles."

Li then turned to the woman and obtained a minute description of the young man's person, and when he had gained this point he set out to make his arrangements for departure, while the prince thought is afe to confine Lan where she could hold no communication with any of the servants.

could hold no communication with any of the servants.

In half an hour from that time Li rode out from the palace-court, followed by eleven men, two of whom he meant for his own companions, while the other nine were to be divided as the prince had directed. Konget is saw them depart, and when they were gone a cold, damp chill seemed to settle about his heart. Until the present time nothing had occurred to disturb the current of his base hopes, but now the waters were moved, and the turnoil made him uneasy, for a dim fear settled down over his soul that this might not be the hast of his troubles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"OLD HUNDRED."—The history of this old palan tune, which almost everybody has been accustomed to hear ever since they can remember, is the sulgest of a work recently written by a English elergyman. Martin Luther has gendered, "our cancel the author of "Old Handon", and the succession of the substantial of the succession of the substantial of the substan

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] TO MARY.

Love me not for good or evil That has mingled in my breast, Stirring up its tide of passions From their long, unbroken rest; Though in the whiri of giddy life Thou mayest my form forget, 0, smid thy heart's giad treasures Let my spirit linger yet!

Let it come to thee at even
When the twilight breeses swell;
And when thou shalt feel its present
Think I love thee, O, as well!
That upon my heart's bright mirror
An image sweet doth shine,
Whose form is of angelie mould,
Whose features all are thine!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] A GAME FOR A HEART. A TALE OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

BY W. H. LORING.

True day was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the trees were stretching far to the eastward, over the bronzed greensward of a rural French landscape, as two borsemen, dusty and travel-soiled, slowly pursued their way along a sandy road that skired the edges of a walnut wood. Both of the horsemen were armed capacia, and bestrode powerful black destriers, or war horses, but though the points of the animals showed good blood, their condition also beto-kened severe service. They were thin in fiesh, and mored along with drooping crests, dragging their feet as if scarcely able to support their heavy furniture and the ponderous weight of their irders' armor. Both knights, for such they were, carried their helmets slung at their saddle-bows, and weee, in their staced, riding caps of velvet. Their lances had been abandoned, but their heavy, two-handed swords, suspended in broad baldries, hung behind them, the grip apearing above the right shoulder, and the point descending far below the spur. The sider and squeter of the two cavaliers was sheathed in black armor, but other than travel-stains dimmed in black armor, but other than travel-stains dimmed in south of the state o

His armor, like that of his companion, showed hard usage, and while be guided his courser gracefully with his right, his bridle hand rested in a sling.

"By our lady of Paris!" said he, "I cannot endore this much longer, and methinks, Dunois, it were better to give up all hopes of bed and board, and care of leech, and stretch our wear-field limbs for the night under a greenwood tree, turning our horses out to graze. They cannot green the second of the second o

slight elevation, the riders, through an opening in the wood, perceived, not far remote, the towers of a lordly castle.

"You were a true prophet, Dunois!" cried the king, joyously. "And now ride on, in God's name. Within sight of shelter, I feel how sorely I stand in need of it. But one caution in advance—memmber that in yonder eastle I am no longer king of France, but only Charles Edmond, a wounded knight. It does not said my lumor to claim the homage due my rank, when I come a vanquished fagilive from a lost field. Forget not, then, that I am only an hamble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget, sire," replied the count, as he gave his horse the spur. In a few moments they drew rein before the castle, and Dunois, winding a call on his bugle, and Dunois, winding a call on his bugle, and Dunois, winding a call on his bugle, and controlled the warder to the wall, and demanded hospitality of the lord of the castle. It was courteously granted, the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and with glad hearts, the king and his companion rode under the echoing archavy into the great courtyard, where the lord of the castle, in person, the Sieur de Sorel, aided them to dismount. They were conducted to an apartment, where they were divested of their armore, furnished with baths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed of their armore, furnished with baths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed by a skillful practitioner. After this, they were led into the banquet hall, and conducted to the place of honor on the raised dais. But it was not the sight of the board plentifulty spread, that drew a murrunured exclamation of delight from the lips of the king;—a greater attraction illed his sensitive soul with pleasure.

Smilling a welcome to the knighty guests, stood a maiden, the daughter of the host, tovelier than any lady Charles had ever beheld. Her hair hir, adorned with pearls, fell in golden waves upon her ivory shoulders; her rich but chaste attire displayed the exquisite model of her form, while her manner, at once animated and high bred, was as charming as her beauty. At the table, after the first cravings of appetite were satiated, and while Dunois entertained the hord of the castle with a description of the battle, the wounded king discourace of minstrelsy and love and tournaments to his fair young hostess, displaying all the courtly graces that he possessed to perfection, yet ever and anon the fair one turned to listen to the narraining as her beauty. At the wounded king discourace of minstrelsy and lourneys better than the royal life of the castle

signed to the count to accompany him to his apartment.

"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king, as he threw himself upon his couch. "A battle fought and lost—a faitguing flight, with a hopitable roof at last, and an angel of beauty to revive a fainting soul."

"You did full homage to her charms, sire."

"And she, the sorceress, turned from me to you. Dunois! I am jealous."

"Ah, sire! It was a maiders' capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank—"

"Ah, sire! it was a maidon's capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank—"
"There it is, Dunois. I would give nothing for a conquest won by my rank. I must be loved for myself alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field fairly together as rivals, and see which will win her."
"Is such your wish, isre?"
"It is—my command. And now, Dunois! Good night. Better days for France." And his eyes closing as he cassed to speak, the king linitantly asleep, and, if it must be confessed, snored liked any common mortal.
The next day and the next were passed in desperate love-making. The heart of the morarch was irrecoverably lost, and perhaps for the very reason that he was a cooler player. Dennois advanced far more rapidly than his royal rival in the good graces of the lovely Agues. The third night, the king was in a very sullen and ungracious humor—Donois lost his favor in proportion as he gained that of the lady. Danois, on his part, was getting desperately loves and determined to succeed.

Matters were in this state when the king, now thoroughly fearful for the result of his suit, resolved to resort to one of those stratagems which are as justifiable in love, as in war and politics. He summoned Dunois.

"My brave Dunois," said he, "you know how I have loved you?"
"You saved my life in battle."
"I meant stillingt's sarricity mine for some ""

"Indeed, sire, I am but tob proud and happy in your favor."
"You saved my life in battle."
"You saved my life in battle."
"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."
"I know it, Dunois, and I have been thinking how I might best recompense your loyalty and devotion. I know that your gallant spirit phafes at this idle life which my disabled condition reconciles me to for a while. It is cruelly to keep you by my side while you are able to bear arms."
"Say nothing of it, I entreat your majesty," cried Dunois, who saw through the duplicity of

his royal friend. "Nothing will induce me to leave your majesty's side."

"Nothing but my commands," replied the king, with a malicious smile.

"O, if your majesty commands my absence, that's a different affair," replied Dunois with deep chagrin.

"I do command it, my noble friend," cried Charles, grasping his hand. "I make you generalism of my armies, and I command you forthwith to raise the royal standard and rully all true and galant subjects to its support. Here is your commission, accompanied by your carnissim of my armies, and I command you for the your commission, accompanied by your warrant, written by my own hand—signed with my own seal. Depart this moment."

"I will but hid adde to Aquae."

"I will but hid adde to Aquae."

"I sill but hid adde to Aquae."

"Sire" replied Dunois, "believe me, I shall not forget the court yard. I will make your excuses to use the court yard. I will make your excuses the court yard. I will make your excuses the court yard. I will make your excuses the court yard. I will make your extense the favor."

"I will but hid adde to Aquae."

"The bash his knee, raised the royal hand to his lips, and then, with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and resemment at the interruption of his courtship, left the presence and mounted his horse.

The king watched his departure from the rampart. As he spurred his proud charger from under the gateway, he turned in his saddle and waved an addie to a certain turret window, from whence, in the guise of a fluttering kerchief, streamed the favewell of the fair Agnes.

"The absent are always wrong," mattered the king, in the words of a proverb. "This formidable rival out of the way, the lady of the castle is mine."

And he descended to meet the enchantress, and apologies for the abrupt departure of his friend. That evening he displayed all his graces and was all sitened to with marked attention. There appeared to be

bor or shelter to any bold enough or base enough to disobey the summons.

"I regret, sir knight," said the lady Agnes,
"I regret, sir knight," said the lady Agnes,
"that we are to be ro summarily deprived of your society."
"For that matter," replied the king, who smarted at this retaliation on the part of Dunois, the motive of which he detected at a glance, "I shall not be so discourteous as to leave you suddenly. I will tarry a few days longer."
"But the summons is assembler."

sudenily. I will tarry a rew days ionger."

"But the summons is peremptory."

"I am hardly able to bear my armor yet, as you can testify, fair maiden, since you have kindly tended me," replied the king.

"Fongive me, fair sir," rejoined the lady, "I think I can fairly authorize you to take the field assin."

"Ah—cruel one! you are glad of the pretext for banishing me."
"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and if my father consents—"

"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and if my father consents—"
"Consents to what" cried the old man, entering the hall at that moment.
"To my prolonging my stay a few days longer here," said the king, anxiously,
"What!" cried the lord of the castle, "in the face of yonder proclamation? Not so! were you my own sos, I would not harbor you. The king wills every knight to join his standard."
"I think my tarrying would not displease his majesty," said the king.
"There is no exception in the orders," said the infexible old man. "Well and wounded must to the standard. As a loyal knight you must obey."

must obey."

At this moment a horn sounded without. The
At this moment a horn sounded without of arther than the clank of armed
footsteps approaching—a warrier sheathed in
steel rushed into the apartment. The visor of
his planned helmet was raised, and his bold
features beamed with fiere excitement.
It was Danois the brave.
"What news from the war?" cried the lord of
the castle.

"What news from the war"? cried the lord of the eastle.

"News that would stir the dead from their graves!" cried Dunois. "News that should ring through France like the trump of approaching doom."

"Speak! I charge you!" cried the king, quivering with excitement. "What news?"

"The English have taken Paris!"

"The English in Paris! and I here!" cried Charles. "Mother of God! I must not lose a moment. What ho! bring me my arms! Bring me my coat of Milan steel—my helm and all my panoply. Saddle Abdallah instantly. Old man! do you stand trembling there? Forget your age as I my wound. Arm all your vassals! they must ride with us. Despatch! Each sand of time is golden!"

"And who are you that speaks with such

'And who are you that speaks with such

"Onaries of France, your king!" exclaimed Dunois.

"O, sire!" cried Agnes, falling at his fest, "I should have known you by the gallant words.

Now I feel the destinies of France are safe with you—and if the prayers of Agnes Sord can avail—nightly, hourly, shall they be offered up for you."

"Rise, dear maiden," said the king. "You shall help arm me for your knight—and buckle on, my sword and spur—and I will wear your colors in the field. Glory were little wouth without the love of Agnes Sord."

Swiftly moved the fincers of the beanteens.

without the love of Agnes Sorie.

Swiftly moved the fingers of the beauteous maiden as she armed him for the battle, and her own scarf fluttered from his shoulder, as he galloped from the eastle by the side of the brave Dinnois.

"You have conquered, sire," said the count.
"May you be as fortunate in war as love. He plays a losing game who plays against a king."

[Written for The Flag of our Un ON THE DEATH OF FRIE

God reigns on earth, and reigns
And orders each eventful hou
A God of majesty and power!
A God of justice and of love!

[Written for The Flag of our Uni THE OPERA FAN.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"THE chandeliers must be lighted every night in the drawing-rooms," remarked Mrs. Russell to her newly hired servant-man, "not that we often use them, John, but it may be some friend may call, and they are kept burning simply for effect."

"If I should pick up the wick a little higher," inquired little Ella Marsh, "wouldn't it help you, mother, without so much straining of the eyes over the gathering in Mr. Russell's shirty" No, child, there is no oil in the lamp is the trouble, and you know we burned the last candle a night or two soo."

"How I wish," said Ella, "you could just sit one hour under the light of those beautiful branches of lamps in Mrs. Russell's parlors, mother. When I carried home that last piece of work you did for her, she bade me follow her and there wasn't a soul in either of those great I ever saw, and counted out the change for me—and there wasn't a soul in either of those great in the country of the control of the said of gas that is not used by any one—but never mind, Ella, I shall finish the six shirts to-morrow, and when you bring me back the six dollars in payment, we will get our cannister of oil filled, and then I can see heautifully."

Mrs. Marsh was obliged to take off her spectacles, for there was a moisture upon them which needed rubbing off.

The next day little Ella appeared at the rich

Mrs. Marsh was obliged to take off her spec-tacles, for there was a moisture upon them shich meeded rubbing off.

The next day little Ella appeared at the rich Mrs. Russell's door with her neat package of finished work. She was directed to the lady's chamber. How lightly she tripped up hose long stairs; they were the footsteps of hope. Mrs. Russell proceeded to examine the gar-ments. First she looked at the sitiething—then at the gathering—then she pulled at the side seams, and finally, after the strictest possible scrutiny, she looked at a hem, and exclaimed; "What dirivy thread your mother uses, Ella." Ella blashed deeply, for it was a piece of hem-ming she had persuaded her mother to be the-finish, and she had done it very nicely too, only the thread was a little soiled. Still Ella sat in expectation of the payment. Mrs. Russell went to her bureau drawer, she looked at the contents of her purse.

to her purse.

"Ella," said she, "I cannot pay your mother to-day—I will call round some time next week."

The child went slowly down stain—they were the footsteps of disappointment. We will not follow her home, for her heart was sad.

It is four o'clock, P. M. Mr. Russell sees ne package of finished work lying upon his

It is four o'clock, P. M. Mr. Russell sees the package of finished work lying upon his lounge.

"Did you pay for these articles, my dear ?" inquired he of his wife.

"No, I promised the money next week."

"You did wrong, wife. Perhaps it was a great disappointment to the woman. Where is her bill? six dollars, hey, and receipted—shinks us honest. Where's Ada? Here is seven dollars, do you take them to Mrs. Marsh, and say we have sent the extra dollar for her interest in waiting five hours after payment time—be sure and tell her, Ada."

Mrs. Russell remarked about "being just before generous."

"Six dollars," said she, "is enough for the work, in all-conscience. What do mea know about women's work? Ada, that extra dollar, added to the two I gave you this morning, will enable you to purchase that splendid opera fan at Jordan's—you will really need it tomorrow night."

And the poor widow and her only child thank-morrow night with the six dollars, the fruit of honest, patient labor, they could pay their week's rest, procure some oil and groceites, and a few fort de dollars he had suppressed from giving Mrs. Marsh—she waved the opera fan in the party—felt she ought 4 to be gratified in her wants, and resolved to act upon her mother's principle, "to get her sewing done at as cheap are to see the sewing done at as cheap are to see the seed."

Layard says that these plains produce so the finest fruit in the world. A very dell which has retained a pool deal of excite among nurserymen. The plains in the a more partial production of the year, are covered with gongoous flo fruitles grow there in great abundance, and Layard also states that the hanging good has the proposed of the production of the production of the progressian of the production of

voices, but she could neither understand what was said, nor distinguish the speakers. In a few moments the hum ceased, and the figures moved out into the main valk, and soon afterwards disappeared around an angle of the building. The was more and the speakers with the continuers of the continuers of

far forward as possible. In this position she could occasionally catch a word that was spoken.

"She could not have drank any of it," the girl distinctly heard Li say; but the answer of the prince she could not understand.

"How much will it take!" Li asked.

"But very little. A few swallows will be sufficient," returned the prince. Tsi was sure that those were his words.

She tried to hear more, but 'though an occasional word came distinctly to ber ears, yet she could not make out the connexion. At length the prince walked away, and Li turned and went around the building. The girl watched for some time longer, but as she saw nothing more of the men she aroses from her seat. Before she did so, however, she heard the distant tramp of a horse upon the city road. She knew it was the prince returning to Nankin!

The handmalden returned to her chamber and looked in upon the princess. Nino was just reaching forth for the bowl, but Tsi did not open the door nor give any signal of her presence. She saw her mistress drink and then lie down again. Then the girl left her post and sought her bed. She did not sleep, for she felt no desire to lose herself in slumber. She listened for any movement that might come from the adjoining chamber, and while she listened she reflected upon what had passed. She had a difficult task before her, for the princess must know what had transpired; but she did not shrink from the work now—he only felt sad and heart-sick to think of the blow that was to fall upon the sensitive soul of her beloved mistress.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER Paul Ardeen had seen the juggler en-the inn he sought the side of Yu-lu. His and was in a whirl of excitement, for he knew to that course to pursue. He feared to meet

Ye-fo-hi, not that any personal danger could ac-crue to himself, but for fear that in some way he might be separated from his companion. Even the bare thought of this latter catastrophe filled might be separated from his companion. Even the bare thought of this latter entastrophe filled his soul with pain, and in a measure incapacitated him for calm judgment. He knew well the promise he had given to the juggler, and he feared that even now the strange man was in parsuit of him. If such was the case, and he was discovered, he might be detained, and by being thus subject to acrutiny the secret of his companion's such be revealed. A thousand dim, undefined fears whited painfully through his mind, and at length he resolved to escape underved from the place if possible. He knew that he had pledged his words with the bad professed from the place if possible. He knew that he had pledged his words with the juggler, for the performance of a certain work, but the safety of Yu-lu was not for a single instant to set at ascriftice for that. He tried to make it appear that there would be no danger—that he had better remain where he was, than attempt to escape, but he could not. The confidence which, at the ruins, he had fet in the juggler, was gons, and once more canne the distrust—the dim dread of the strange man. Had he been alone he would have given the man hardly a thought beyond the natural curioity which his appearance excited, but it was for another now that his heart beat.

"Paul," said the fair maiden, looking up with sudden surprise, "you seem troubled. What is it?"

sudden surprise, "you seem troubsed. What is it?"
Paul sat down for a moment, and bowed his head. His thoughts were quickly framed, and returning his companion's look, he sald:
"I think we had better leave this place."
"Leave it? Now?" uitered Yu-lu, in sudden alarm. "Is there danger!"
"I do not know that there is," returned the youth, speaking as cheerfully as possible; "but yet I vould rather not remain here. The man who came into the yard a few minutes since will recognize meif he sees me, and I have no desire to run any risk. If we could get away unobserved, I think I should do so."
"O, Paul, if there be danger let us flee," cried Yu-lu, in terror.
"Do not be too much alarmed, for there may be no read langer."

"Do not be too much alarmed, for there may be no real danger."

"But who is this man !"
"Did you seve hear of Ye-6-bi !"
"What—the Juggler of Nankin !" asked the maiden, starting.
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."
"I have often heard of him. The prince has told me of him, and I think the prince feared him. He is a terrible man."
"I an what is the uerrible "Paul asked, ready at any moment to seek information respecting the juggler's real character.
"His power is dreadful," answered Yu-lu, with a shudder. "I have heard my uncle speak of him, and the prince has told me of him. If he is here, and knows you, let us flee."

Again Paul considered, but by this time the idea had become firmly fixed in his mind that if the juggler discovered him, Ya-lu would be snatched from him. He forgot all his cooler judgment—he forgot all his natural boldness. Love had made him faceful, and in this frame of mind he resolved to flee. The juggler appeared only an evil spirite his excited imagination, and he thought only of escaping from him. "Ya-lu," he said, "did you ever mistrust why the prince feared Y-6-b-hi?"
"Yes, I have had my thoughts on the subject, though Kong-ti-never told me distinctly, as of course he could not, since the very fact upon which the suspicion reats he wished to conceal from me. I think," the maiden continued, lowering her voice, and speaking tremulously "that the juggler is some near connexion of the prince's wrife. From words that I have heard fill from Kong-ti's lips, I should judge that search from me. I think," the maiden continued, lowering her voice, and speaking tremulously "that the juggler is some near connexion of the prince's wrife. From words that I have heard from me. I while for the stables to expose him."

A beam of mindligence shot across Paul's mind. This was exactly in accordance with the juggler withe he himself then made.

"And Ya-lu's fear ran in the rained channel. It was, they both thought, a natural conclusion, and of course their minide were made up to get away from the place as quickly as possib

passage leading to the stables.

"You will not take the horses, I suppose," whispered the maiden.
"No," returned Paul. "We could not get clear with them, and, besides, we do not want them. We must make our eacespe by water."

It was now quite dark, and our adventurers were quite secure from observation. They had no difficulty in making their way to the garden, and after some trouble in picking their way amongst the shrubbery they gained the road at a distance of some rods from the inn, and then started at once for the shere of the lake. Here they found quite a number of boats, and luckliy Paul soon discovered the very one in which he had crossed the lake before, and on hailing the expain he found that he had remained upon that side of the lake vere since, only going out occasionally to fish. Our hero asked the fellow

make sail at once, but to this very strong objec-tions were raised.

"Wait till morning," urged the captain, "and then I'll start as early as you wish."

"Wait till morning," urged the captain, "and then I'll start as early as you wish."

But Paul urged his business—he must be in Shanghai at such a time. Then the captain talked about the weather—he was fearful of a storm. At length Paul said something about yold, and the captain's cars were opened. An ounce of gold possessed the "Open sessme" upon the fellow" sull, and in a few minutes the crew were called to get up the iron-wood anchor and make sail. They grumbled considerably at the order, and at first seemed unwilling to obey. Paul was anxious that there should be no disturbance, and slipping forward he placed a piece of silver in the hands of each, and from that moment they had no more objections. In half an hour the clumay vessel was clear of the shore, and poking lasily through the water. The wind was from the south, and though not very fresh, was yet strong enough to fill the lumbering bamboo sails and shove the craft ahead at a fair walking pace.

"We are clear now," said Paul, as he sat by Yulu's side under the weather quarter ruil; "and I am glad that the juggler came as he did, for it has been the means of hurrying us along in our journey."

"I hope we are safe," was Yu-lu's reply.

for it has been the means of hurrying us along in our journey."

"I hope we are safe," was Yu-lu's reply. She did not speak as one having any fear, but yet there was a tinge of anxiety in her tone.

"O, I am almost certain of safety now," quickly returned Paul, in a light, condident tone; "for when we reach the opposite shore we shall be only about a day's journey from Shanghaif we can obtain more horses, and when once in Shanghai we shall be most assuredly safe, for no power can take you from me then. Courage, my love, and let hope be your star to-night."
Yu-lu pressed her lover's hand, and in low

years that least you can be a seen to consequence of the consequence o

such a thing as separation could come, for they thought only of the things of life; and a separation would have been death most surely.

At length, as the air grew more damp and chill, Paul conducted his sweet companion to the low, diago; cabin, where there were some half dozen bamboo frames suspended from the beams overhead, and in which were mattresses and blankets. Paul assisted Yu-lu to get into one, of these swinging cots, and then he took possession of the one next to her. Yu-lu murnured the prayer which Paul had taught her, and having bade him good-night, she closed her eyes to sleep, and shortly afterwards the youth himself sank to slumber with a prayer upon his lips; it was a prayer for the gentle, confiding being who had trusted her whole of earthly care to his keeping—and he prayed that God would amile upon his faith, but cease to bless him when he should forget to live for Yu-lu. Before he help the knew that the breeze was freshening, and this gave him more comfort, for he thought he was being wafted more swiftly towards his haven of safety.

Paul was dreaming a wild fantastic dream, in which Yu-lu, Ye-fo-hi, the prince and himself were strangely mixed up, when he experienced a shock that came nigh throwing him from his cot. He heard a lond crashing above his head, mingled with the shrieks and yells of the crew. As soon as he could fairly recover himself he sprang from his place of rest and spoke to Yu-lu. She was frightened, but Paul made her promise to remain where she was till he returned, and then he hastened on deck. Hound that the mast had gone over the side, and than the one-sided howsprit was also gone.

"Tien-tan have mercy!" cried the captain, dying about the deck like a crasy man, gasing from the head of the bowsprit had come out.

It was some time before Paul could get the fellow to answer any questions, but when he had come out.

then running to the bows to see how the deck was torn up where the heel of the bowspit had come out.

It was some time before Paul could get the fellow to answer any questions, but when he had partially come to his senses our hero found that the vessel had struck a rock, and on following the direction of the captain's finger he saw a tail dark pyramid looming up just under the quarter. The rock was plainly in sight, lifting itself boldly from the water, and the craft had struck her bowspir plump upon it. The mast had been a worm-caten, rotten affair, and that had gone from the force of the concussion. Paul knew that the accident was the result of the most reckless neglect, and he berated the lubberly captain six outly, but the lesson had no more effect than it would had it been delivered to the wind, and I had particulars and the same than it would had it been delivered to the wind, and I had gone of the same of the same of the same of the same had been as the learned all the particulars she accompanied her lover on deck.

Paul now set about the work of finding if there was any leak, and in this he had to take the lead, for the captain could only find time to bemoan, the loss of his worthless spars. The hall of the vessel was found to have sustained no serious injury. There was one slight leak close by the stern, but it was stopped without much difficulty, and then Paul was stopped without much difficulty, and then Paul was stepres such a thing as an inch of sail.

"What can we do?" asked the youth, after he had made an examination of everything on board.

"Do nothing but trust to Buddha," replied

the captain.

"But suppose Buddha will not help you 1"

"Then I'll pray more."

"But if he does not listen then 1"

"Hu bur gold paper for him."

"But if he refuses then 1"

"Hu bur gold paper for him."

"Hu bur gold paper for him."

"And suppose he is silent still 1"

"The Chinaman gased up with a sort of bewildered expression, and after a few moments
of thought he said:
"Derhuar sou are so wicked that the creat

wildered expression, and after a few momens of thought he said:
"Terhaps you are so wicked that the great Baddha thinks I had no business to take you."
Paul could not but smile at the fellow's simple faith in the power of his Buddha, bus the smile soon faded away, for he began to realize that he might have to spend a long time on board he lambering wreck. There was no means of putting the bulk upon her course, and after considering upon every possible point our here came to the sad conclusion that the vessel must have ber own way. It was now shout two o'clock in the morning, and the wind was still from the south. As areas as Paul could calculate, they were being drifted through the water at the rate of about two miles an hour, but not more than that.

at the rate of about two miles an hour, but not more than that.

"It's hard," he said, addressing Yu-lu, after they had gone back to the cabil.

"It's hard," he said, addressing Yu-lu, after they had gone back to the cabil.

"The maiden was greatly troubled when she saw that her lover was uneasy, for she trusted all to him. Paul asw this, and with an effort he threw off all appearance of fear and tried to make it appear that there was but little room yet for danger.

"I'm sorry to be thus detained," he said, drawing the maiden upon his bosom, "but we have not much to fear. As soon as we touch the shore we can find horses, and then set forward at full speed. Let us hope for the best." Yu-lu did hope, and being fully assured that there was no immediate danger from the elements, she once more sought her rest.

When the daylight at length came, Paul went on deck and took a survey of the horizon, but he could see no signs of land. The wind slith beld from the southward, and at sunrise it seemed his self-possession in part, though he still bewaited his loss, but when Paul told him that would give him enough to buy new spars and sails he became cheerful and happy.

That day passed away, and Paul spent the greater part of it in teaching Yu-lu to speak his wown language. He was surprised at the progress she made, and as he redoubled his exertions she appreciated it by the increased attention which she gave to his instructions. On the next morning land was to be seen to the northward, but the wind died away almost to a calm, so that at night they had made but a few miles next morning they could see that the shore was considered aby nearry, but the wind was very low, and it was not until near evening that they managed to get off a boat from the shore by their signals. It was as small, skifflike boat, with square bows and stern, which came off, and contained two men. The captain made known his wishes, and after much fuses and trouble a line was off from the box of the hulk to the boat, and then the two shoremen began to pu

They had landed at the mouth of a small stream, and at a short distance there was quite a village which the natives called Ye-tchi. The capanin of the vessel was acquainted in the place, and he conducted Paul to a small inn where were found very respectable accommodations. The youth did not dare now to trust himself away from Yu-la, so he engaged a single room, making up his own bed upon the floor, while his companion occupied the bamboo couch.

Night came on, and Paul and Yu-lu joined their hands in silent prayer. The youth gazed out upon the starry heavens, and his eyes rested upon a point towards his native land. At that moment he thought of the fairy tales he used to read when he was a boy, and he even prayed that some kind genie would take him up with his love and carry him away to his island home. He was sorry that the age of the genii had passed.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RUPTURE IN THE PLOT.

WITLE Paul Ardeen and Yu-la were upon the lake, let us look into the palace of the Prince Kong-ti at Nankin. It was on the very morning after the terrible discovery was made by Tei at the house in the country. The prince was in one of his own private rooms drinking tea. It was well into the forenoon, and yet the grandee had but just risen. His face was pale and careworn, though ever and anon a flush would pass over his features, moving the muscles with quick, decided emotions. Several times he looked at his watch, and at length he left his tea and finished his morning's toilet. Ere long after this was done a page entered the room and informed him that two officers wished to see him. He ordered them to be shown to him, and ere long two fits, greasy-looking mandarins were ushered into the room.

"I knock my head to the great prince of Nan-

long two ns, grow, undered into the room.

"I knock my bead to the great prince of Nan-kin," ferrenully uttered the first, making a beal almost to the floor.

"I abut my eyes in the presence of the illustrious brother of the great Son of Heaven," said the second, bowing lower than his companion.

"Tay-tsu, and you, Li-tsong, are both wel-come," said the prince; and thereupon there succeeded any quantity of bowing of heads, swinging of hands, scraping of feet, and utterings of set physes.

swinging of hands, semping of feet, and unterings of set phrases.

"You have sent for us," said Tay-tau, after he had settled his obese body into a big chair.

"You have sent for us," repeated Lit-tong, accompanying the words with a motion that deposited his load of fat in a second chair.

"You, I have sent for you," said the prince, now seating himself. As he spoke he looked very grave and sad, and a tear was forced into his syes. "I have sent for you," he continued, to open to your ears a thing that will make the nation weep."

Kong: i here stopped and viped away the tear which had grown cold upon his check, and then he continued:
"I fear that the Great Spirit of heaven wants

Kong-ti here stopped and wiped away the tearwhich had grown cold upon his cheek, and then
he continued:
"I fear that the Great Spirit of heaven wants
another soul to keep him company. Niso can
live but a short time longer."
"The princess!" cried both the mandarinsat a breath.
"Even so," said the prince. "The dark
death-spirit has been at her side for many days
and many nights, and I fear she cannot live to
see the setting of this day's sun. I would have
you prepare the people for the sad intelligence,
and have the bonnes all at prayer continually.
Let the drums in the temples be beat without
ceasing, and let Buddha be propitiated with befitting gifts."
At this point the prince fairly wept, and the
fat mandarins shook with well managed emotion.
"What form of disease threatens our illustrious lady!" at length asked Tay-tsu.
"Alsa! I know not," groaned Kong-ti. "It
is a strange cating away of life, such as I have
were before seen. You may go now and do as
I have bid. Let not the noise be too great, for
I am sad and rolled in the dast of affliction.

The mandarins arose from their seats and

I have bid. Let not the noise be too great, for I am sad and rolled in the dust of affliction."

The mandarins arose from their seats and bowed very low, and then they backed out from the apartment, and went away to perform their melanchely mission. As soon as the prince was left alone he arose from his seat and started access the room; but he was left not long to enjoy his own society undisturbed, for, shortly after the mandarins had feh, Li entered his presence. "Ah, good Li," uttered the grandee, "you are come in season. What of the princess?"

"A linkin all is well," returned the attendant. "But I have prepared our people for her death. Think you it will follow?"

"Yes. After you left me last night I went around and ascended a tree near the window of her chamber. By the strong moonlight I could see the bed and the woman, for my position just admitted of that and no more. I saw her take the bowl and drink, and I think she must have drank considerable."

"A single swallow would prove fatal in time," said the prince, "and three swallows will kill her in less than from san to sun. Did you see her this morning?"

"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but she was not up."

"Then the work is going on," said the prince,
"Then the work is going on," said the prince,

her in less than from sun to sun. Did you see her his morning **
"No, she had not arisen. I asked for her, but she was not up."
"Then the work is going on," said the prince, with a look and tone of relief. "I think she will see the last of this life before the day is done. She will be better off away from this earth."
"I think you will be well rid of her before the sun is set," added Li, with a congratulatory look, "and then nothing will be in your way."
The prince took two or three turns up and down the room, evidently in deep thought. He did not seem to be troubled at all by what he was doing, but only by what he should be consummated. His idea of woman was not an exalted noe. Like most of his work should be consummated. His idea of woman was not an exalted the there were such things as mutual obligations for his use and service, and he never realized that there were such things as mutual obligations between husband and wrife. He was sorry that his laws would not allow him to marry as many wives as he pleased, for then he might have been spared the trouble of his present work. To be sure he might take to himself as many 'hand-maridens as he could afford to buy, but she whom he now sought to odd never be dragged to a position so degrading. The emotion uppermost in bosom was, gratitude that the way to the possession of the matchless Yu-lu was now opended to him—he felt no sorrow for the terrible plan he was obliged to adopt to carry forward his purpose.

At length to prince stopped in his walk and

ed to him—no let in sorrow for the terrible plan he was obliged to adopt to carry forward his purpose.

At length the prince stopped in his walk and looked at his attendant.

"Good Li," he said, "you may go at once and send off messengers to inform the relatives of Niao that she is surely dying. Have them informed that their kinswoman is seized with a dreadfal malady, and—"

The prince was here broken in upon by a loud noise from the hall, and before he had time to take any steps to ascertain its cause the door of his apartment was burst open, and a woman, all doats-covered and toil-worn, rushed in. Half a dozen of the servants followed in hot haste to drag her back, but the prince had recognized the new-comer, and with a quick motion he drove his servants back. It was the woman Lan who had come. Kong-ti uttered an exclamation of wild astonishment when he saw her, and as soon as the room was clear, and he knew that the servants were out of hearing, he sank down into a chair.

"Lan—Lan" he cried termbling sixtentil.

servants were out of hearing, IIS SALIA MORNAL

"Lan—Lan," he cried, trembling violently,
"why are you come?"
But it was some moments before the woman
could reply, and a second time the prince asket
the question. In time, however, she spoke:
"My master," she said, "did you know that
Fank king had left the place heneath the temples?"
"Left his post? Fau-king? Left the templest?" exclaimed the prince. "Has he dared
to do it?"

"Then you did not send a young man there to take his place?" said the woman, speaking

to take his piace: "Send a young man? By the great Spirit of heaven, woman, speak and tell me what you mean?" cried the prince, starting up from his seat and grasping the messenger by her arm.

5

"A few nights since, my master—on the very night after you were last there—a young man name down and told us you had sent him in Fau-ting's place, and that we should see Fau-king

no more."
"It's false! all, all false! By my great power I'll tear the liar limb from limb. But you
should not have left him there, Lan."
"Ah, my master," returned the woman, recoiling as she spoke, "he fied before I came."
"But Yu-la! you have not dared to leave her

alone 1"
The woman dared not speak. She moved still further back, but the prince followed her up.
"Speak!" he gasped, stiling her again by the arm. "Tell me all you know. Did you leave Xu-lu there alone 1"
"She has fled!" whispered Lan; and as she spoke she sank down upon her knees and clasped by thanks.

spoke ahe sank down upon her knees and clasped her hands.

The prince recoiled a few steps like one who has received a death-stroke. He glared upon the woman before him, and with an instinctive movement he snatched his daggerfrom its sheath, but in a moment more he put it back again. $^*Pidl''$ be a length uttered, in a deep, busky tone. "She fied, and you yet alive?"

"Alsa, my master, I could not help it. Listen to me, and you shall see that I am not to blame. Fan-king is the one who must have been overcrome.

raus.ung is the one who must have been overcome."

The prince sat down and beckoned for Lan to proceed, while Li went to see that no one was near the doors. After this the woman went on and toid her story. She told how Pank-king had left the subterranean apartments, and how, shortly afterwards he had given entrance to the young stranger without noticing that he was not the enanch. She told how frankly he had spoken to her, and how he offered to watch during the night. On the next morning she had found hereiff alone. She went up among the ruins and searched them all through, and when she found they were gone, she had hastened at once to Nankin.

"And Fauking!" uttered the prince. when

tount mey were gone, she had hastened at once to Nankin.

"And Fau-king!" uttered the prince, when the woman had closed her story.

"Lhave seen nothing of him."

Kong-ti was stricken with a fearful emotion. It was not all anger, nor was it all sorrow. It was a sort of wild, turnultuous strill of varied passion, and for a while he seemed totally unable to think or act.

"Prince," said Li, seeing how his master was situated, "she has evidently fled, and can only be caught by quick pursuit. Some one must have lain in watch at the ruins and discovered your secree, and thus gained access to the place. Perhaps it was some one who had known her before."

Perhaps it was some one who had known her before."

"Lan," exclaimed the prince, at this juncture, "did you see them together—this young man and Ya-la?"

"Bor a few moments."

"Bor a few moments."

"How did they appear?"

"One she had been weeping, I am sure. I did not think of it then, but the thought has come since that there was much love between them."

"By the throne of heaven's great Spirit' vided the prince, striking his breast with both his hands. "I'll scour the empire but I find them. You know not which way they went?"

"I know they came this way as far as the hamlet of Leaso, and from thence they must have struck off further to the southward," replied Lan. "There, at the hamlet, I heard of a young man and a boy. The man I know must have been the same one who came to our retreat, and the boy must have heen Yu-la."

A few moments the prince thought while he walked up and down the room, and when he stopped he seemed to have regained his strength of mind.

"Li." he said, "I cannot leave my palece."

stopped he seemed to have regained his strength of mind.

"Li," he said, "I cannot leave my palace now, for I must be here. I wish my wife were not quite so sick. But we have faithful men. Send off three detachments of three men each. Take my old guard. You take such men as you please and go direct to Tak-ping, and from thence follow on towards the Tak-hou lake. Likt the others keep further to the southward. On the bright the men and you shall groan beneath the weight of the wealth I will heap upon you. Let the others think this is a hand-maiden of mine, and beware that you do not unguardedly tell too much. Perhaps you can find her, Li," "The country shall be well searched, at all events," was Li's reply. "If I can but once get upon their track I will have them." "Do not spare horse-flesh," cried the excited grande.

grandee.

"Never fear but that I shall take every mea
of motive power within my reach," confident
returned Li. "I am not in the habit of hesit
ting at trifles."

Li then turned to the woman and obtained a Li then turned to the woman and obtained a minute description of the young man's person, and when he had gained this point he set out to make his arrangements for departure, while the prince thought it safe to confine Lan where she could hold no communication with any of the

Servanies. In half an hour from that time Li rode out from the palace-court, followed by eleven men, two of whom he meant for his own companions, while the other nine were to be divided as the prince had directed. Kong-ti saw them depart, and when they were gone a cold, damp chill seemed to settle about his heart. Until the present time nothing had occurred to disturb the current of his base hope, but now the waters were moved, and the turnoil made him uneasy, for a dim fear settled down over his soul that this might not be the last of his troubles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"OLD HUNDRED."—The history of this old palam tune, which almost everybody has been accustomed to hear ever since they can remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an Knglich elergyman. Martin Luther has generally, been recisioned the author of "Old Hundred," been recisioned the surface of "Old Hundred," been recisioned the sixteenth century, by William Franc, a German. In the course of time, it has been considerably changed from the original, and it is said, that, as it first appeared, it was of a more lively character than at present.—Massied

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] TO MARY.

BY W. WALLACE GRUELLE

Thou may'st think of me as sinful,
As an erring child of clay—
As one full of joy and sorrow—
As a wanderer far away;
But there is a fount of feeling
Welling up within my heart,
That tells me thou witt remember,
Be we e'er so far apart!

Love me not for good or evil That has mingled in my breast, Stirring up its tide of passions From their long, unbroken rest; Though in the whiri of giddy life Thou mayest my form forget, 0, amid thy heart's giad tressures Let my spirit linger yet!

Let it come to thee at even
When the twilight breeses swell;
And when thou shait feel its preser
Think I love thee, O, as well:
That upon my heart's bright mirro
An image sweet doth shine,
Whose form is of angelie mould,
Whose features all are thine!

A GAME FOR A HEART. A TALE OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

The day was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the trees were stretching far to the castward, over the bronzed greensward of a rural French landscape, as two horsemen, dasty and travel-soiled, slowly pursued their way along a sandy road that skired the edges of a walnut wood. Both of the horsemen were armed capatie, and bestrode powerful black destriers, or war horses, but though the points of the animals showed good blood, their condition also betokened severe service. They were thin in flesh, and moved along with drooping crests, dragging their feet as if searcely able to support their heavy furniture and the ponderous weight of their riders' armor. Both knights, for such they were, carried their helmets slang at their saddle-bows, and were, in their stead, riding-caps of velvet. Their lances had been abandoned, but their heavy, two-handed swords, suspended in broad baldrichs, hung behind them, the grip appearing above the right shoulder, and the point descending far below the spur. The glder and stouter of the two cavaliers was sheathed in black armor, but other than travel-stains dimmed its surface. It was dinted with sword-strokes, and here and there stains of a deeper hue than rust seemed to indicate that the wearer had recently been exposed to deadly peril.

The armor of his companion, while lighter, was far more elegant and coatly. It was of fine deep the companion of the surface, it was disting the surface of the surface of the day of the surface of the

hard usage, and while he guided his courser gracefully with his right, his bridle hand rested in a sing.

"By our lady of Paris!" said he, "I cannot endure this mach longer, and methiaks, Dunois, it were better to give up all hopes of bed and board, and care of loech, and stretch our wearied limbs for the night under a greenwood tree, turning our horses out to graze. They cannot go much farther. Your horse is blown, and Abdilah seems sinking under my weight. What say you? we must be grooms for the nonce, and rid them of their harness ourselves—for a lost battle and a hurried flight have shorn us of our revenue. What say you to a couch on the greenward with the blue vault for the canopy?"

"I might endoure it, sire," replied Dunois, for it was that gallant noble whom King Charles Will. addressed, "but for you, wounded as you are, it were madness. You would never rise again, and the hope of France must not be lost without a struggle."

"Would that I had died under shield, royally and knightly!" said the young king, in a tone of deep despondency.

"Say not so, sire!" cried Dunois. "Life and hope are left us. The oriflamb of France is not destined to be traitled forever in the dust—the cloud cannot forever overshadow our beautiful land. Your majetsy will yet live to drive these island wolves back to their den."

The king shook his head mourrafully.

"The chivalry of France is prostrate!"
Said he.

"Nay, sire, it is but like the fabled giant who renewed his strength when he touched the earth. There are enow of loyal hearts and brave arms for the reason."

"Nay, sire, it is but like the fabled giant who remewed his strength when he touched the earth. There are cnow of loyal hearts and brave arms left to rally yet around the throne, and raise the royal banner from the dust. And see in present fulfilment of my auguries of good fortune, Abdallah rears his crest—a good omen! There is abelter at hand. Good cheer, sire!" And even as he spoke, the monarch's horse pricked up his cars, raised his head and uttered a joyous neigh, which was answered by his conrade with a clarion note. Without any pressure of the armed heel, both horses struck into a sharp trot, and as they gained the summit of a

allght elevation, the riders, through an opening in the wood, perceived, not far remote, the towers of a lordly castle.

"You were a true prophet, Dunois!" cried the king, joyously. "And now ride on, in God's name. Within sight of shelter, I feel how sorely I stand in need of it. But one caution in advance—member that in yonder castle I am no longer king of France, but only Charles Edmond, a wounded knight. It does not usit my humor to claim the homage due my rank, when I come a vanquished fraigitive from a lost field. Forget not, then, that I am only an humble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget, sire," reolied the count, as

field. Forges noi, then, that I am only an humble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget, sire," replied the count, as the gave his horse the spur.

In a few moments they drew rein before the castle, and Danois, winding a call on his bugle, summoned the warder to the wall, and demanded hospitality of the lord of the castle. It was courteously granted, the porteullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and with glad hearts, the king and his companion rode under the choing archway into the great courtyard, where the lord of the castle, in person, the Sieur de Sorel, aided them to dismount. They were gonducted to an apartment, where they were divested of their armor, furnished with baths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed of their armor, furnished with baths and with suitable apparel, and the king's wound dressed of their armor, furnished plenitfully spread, that drew a murmured exclamation of delight from the lips of the king'—a greater attraction filled his sensitive soul with pleasure.

Smilling a welcome to the knightly guests, stood a maiden, the daughter of the host, tovelier than ny lady Charles had ever beheld. Her fair hair, adorned with pearls, fell in golden waves upon her ivory shoulders; her rich but chaste attire displayed the exquisite model of her form, while her manner, at once animated and high bred, was as charming as her beauty. At the table, after the first ravings of apentic were satiated, and while Dunois entertained the bord of the easted with a description of the battle, the wounded king discoursed of minstrelay, and

and high treed, was as charming as her beauty:
At the table, after the first cravings of appetite
were satiated, and while Dunois entertained the
lord of the castle with a description of the battle,
the bord of the castle with a description of the battle,
the wounded king discoursed of minstrelay, and
love and tournaments to his fair young hostes,
displaying all the courtly gences that he possessed
to perfection, yet ever and anon the fair one
turned to listen to the narrative of Dunois.
"And so the king has fied!" she said, with
flashing eyes. "Better he had fallen on the
field. It is true, then, that he loves minstrelay
and tourneys better than the royal life of the
camp and field."
"Not so, fair lady," said Dunois. "He did
his devoir like a gallant knight, charging in the
thickest of the fray. I myself saw his plumage
shorn from his crest, and hinself wounded.
His with was to perish with his bodygenard, but
bridle-reins, and forced him from the field."
"And where is he now?" circled Agness-ofthat was the maiders' name.
"We know not," interposed the king, hastily,
"we were separated from the royal train. Bat
he is doubtless afte."
"Heaven be praised for that!" said the lord
of the castle.
"Anne!" responded the lady.
During the overning, Charles statched himself
to the fair Agnes, but found it difficult to engross her attention; it handsomer and maniler
Dunois seemed constantly to divert her eyes and
thoughts. He therefore, finally pleaded his
wound and fatigue as an apology for retiring,
and, afraid to leave Dunois levick. "A hattle
what a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king,
astruent.
"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king,
astruent.

"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king, as he threw himself upon his coach. "A battle fought and lost—a fatiguing flight, with a heapitable roof at last, and an angel of beauty to revive a faining soul."

"You did full homage to her charms, sire."
"And she, the sorceress, turned from me to you. Dunois! I am jealous."
"Ah, sire! I ke was a maiden's capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank—"
"There it is, Dunois. I would give nothing for a conquest won by my rank. I must be loved for mystelf alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field fairly own merits. So let us enter the field fairly

loved for myself alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field fairly together as rivals, and see which will win her."

"Is seen your wish, sire?"

"Is is—my command. And now, Dunois! Good night. Better days for France." And his cyes closing as he ceased to speak, the king fell instantly asleep, and, if it must be confessed, somed liked any common mortal.

The next day and the next were passed in desperate love-making. The heart of the monarch was irrecoverably lost, and perhaps for the very reason that he was a cooler player. Dunois advanced far more rapidly than his royal rival in the good graces of the lovely Agues. The third night, the king was in a very sallen and ungracious humor—Danois lost his favor in proportion as he gained that of the lady. Dunois, on his part, was getting desperately in love and determined to succeed. Matters were in this state when the king, now thoroughly fearful for the result of his sait, resolved to resort to one of those stratagems which are as justifiable in love, as in war and politics. He summoned Danois.

"My brave Dunois," said he, "you know how I have loved you!"

"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."

"You saved my life in battle."

"You saved my life in battle."

"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."

"You saved my life in battle."
"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours."
"I know it, Dunois, and I have been thinking how I might best recompense your loyalty and devotion. I know that your gallant spirit chafes at this idle life which my disabled condition reconciles me to for a while. It is cruelly to keep you by my side while you are able to bear arms."
"Say nothing of it X ..."

bear arms."

"Say nothing of it, I entreat your majesty,"

cried Dunois, who saw through the duplicity of

"Nothing but my commands," replied the king, with a malicious smile.

"O, if your majesty commands my absence, that's a different siffat," replied Dunois with deep chagrin.
"I do command it, my noble friend," cried Charles, grasping his hand. "I make you generalissime of my armies, and I command you forthwith to raise the royal standard and raily all true and gallant subjects to its support. Here is your commission, accompanied by your warrant, written by my own hand—signed with my own seal. Depart this moment."
"I will but hid adies to Agencs."
"Stay not even for that, my dear friend," said the king earnestly. "Your hores is said the king earnestly. "Your hores is added in the court yard. I will make your excuses to our host. Ride forth—and God be with you."
"Sire I" replied Dunois, "believe me, I shall not forget this mark of your majesty's confidence and favor."

"Sire" replied Dunois, "believe me, I shall not forget this mark of your majesty's confidence and favor."

He beat his knee, raised the royal hand to his libps, and then, with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and researchers and researchers. The king watched his leps and then, with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and researchers and mounted his horse.

The king watched his departure from the rampart. As he spurred his proud charger from under the gateway, he turned in his addie and waved an adieu to a certain turret window, from whence, in the guise of a futtering kerchief, streamed the farewell of the fair Agnes.

"The absent are always wrong," mattered the king, in the words of a proverb. "This formidable rival out of the way, the lady of the castle is mine."

And he descended to meet the enchantress, and apologize for the abrupt departure of his friend. That evening he displayed all his graces and was listened to with marked attention. There appeared to be no regret for the absent one. But the next day, when Charles was prening to lay a scientific siege to the fair one, came a herald to the castle bearing a proclamation from the commander-in-chief, ordering all knights of France, whether wounded or not, to repair to the royal standard, and menacing with the king's displeasure and with forfeiture of estate and rank, any and all who should give hambor or shelter to any bold enough or base enough to disobey the summons.

"I regret, sir knight," said the lady Agnes, "that we are so discourteous as to leave you suddenly. I will tarry a few days longer."

"Bat the summons is peremptory."

"Bat the summons is peremptory."

"Ham hardly able to bear my armor yet, as you can testify, fair maiden, since you have kindly tended me," replied the king,

"Korgive me, fair sir," rejoined the lady, "I think I can fairly authorize you to take the field again."

"Ah—cruel one! You are glad of the pretext for banishing me."

"Ah—cruel one! you are glad of the pretext for banishing me."
"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and if my father consents—"

"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and if my father consents—"
"Consents to what?" cried the old man, entering the hall at that moment.
"To my prolonging my stay a few days longer here," said the king, anxiously.
"What!" cried the lord of the castle, "in the face of yonder proclamation ? Not so! were you my own son, I would not harbor you. The king wills every knight to join his standard."

king wills every knight to join his standard."

"I think my tarrying woold not displease his majesty," said the king.

"There is no exception in the orders," said the inflexible old man. "Well and wounded must to the standard. As a loyal knight you must obey,"

At this moment a horn sounded without. The drawbridge was heard to fall—hooff to ring in the courryard, and then the clank of armed footsteps approaching—a warrier sheathed in steel rushed into the apartment. The visor of his plauned helmet was raised, and his bold features beamed with firere excitement.

It was Dunois the brave.

"What news from the war!" cried the lord of the castle.

"What news from the castle.

"News that would stir the dead from their graves!" cried Dunois. "News that should ring through France like the trump of approaching doom."

"" cried the king,

ring through France like the trump of approaching doom."

"Speak! I charge you!" cried the king, quivering with excitement. "What news!"

"The English have taken Paris!"

"The English in Paris! and I here!" cried Charles. "Mother of God! I must not lose a moment. What ho! bring me my arms! Bring me my coat of Milan steel—my helm and all my panoply. Saddle Abdallah instantly. Old man! do you stand trembling there! Forcet your age as I my wound. Arm all your vasasle! they must ride with us. Despatch! Despatch! Each sand of time is golden!"

"And who any you that meak with you'?

"And who are you that speaks with such athority?"

"Charles of France, your king!" exclaimed

"Charles of France, your king!" exclaimed Dunois.

"O, sire!" cried Agnes, falling at his feet, "I should have known you by the gallant words. Now I feet the desirines of France are safe with you—and if the prayers of Agnes Sord can avail—nightly, hourly, shall they be offered up for you."

you."
Rise, dear maiden," said the king. "You halo arm me for your knight—and buckle "Ries, dear maiden," and the king. "You shall help arm me for your knight—and buckle on my sword and spurs—and I will wear your colors in the field. Glory were little wouth without the love of Agnes Sorel."

Swiftly moved the fingers of the beauteous maiden as she armed him for the beauteous maiden as she armed him for the beaute, and her own sear! fluttered from his shoulder, as he galloped from the castle by the side of the brave Dunois.

"You have conquered, sire," said the count. "May you be as fortunate in war as love. He plays a losing game who plays against a king."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRE

God reigns on earth, and reigns a And orders each eventful hour. A God of majesty and power! A God of justice and of love!

THE OPERA FAN.

"The chandellers must be lighted every night in the drawing-rooms," remarked. Mrs. Russell to her newly hirds exrant-man, "not that we often use them, John, but it may be some friend may call, and they are kept burning simply for effect."
"If should pick up the wick a little higher," inquired little Ella Marsh, "wooldn's it belp you, mother, without so much straining of the eyes over the gathering in Mr. Russell's shirt?" "N. Nall's house to make the same of the core of

inquired little Ella Marsh, "wouldn't it help you, mother, without so much straining of the eyes over the gathering in Mr. Rassell's shirt." "No, child, there is no oil in the lamp is the trouble, and you know we burned the last candle a night or two ago."

"How I wish," said Ella, "you could just sit one hour under the light of those beautiful branches of lamps in Mrs. Rassell's parlors, mother. When I carried home that last piece of work you did for here, she bade me follow her and she stood under the most brilliant lamps I ever saw, and counted out the change for mo—and there wasn't a soul in either of those great I ever awa, and counted out the change for mo—and there wasn't a soul in either of those great big rooms—I suppose they were going to have a party, don't you, mother?"

"No, my child, rich people always consume a great deal of gas that is not used by any one—but never mind, Ella, I shall finish the six shirts to-morrow, and when you bring me back the six dollars in payment, we will get our cannister of oil filled, and then I can see heautifully."

Mrs. Marsh was obliged to take off her spectacles, for there was a moisture upon them which needed rubbing off.

The next day little Ella appeared as the rich Mrs. Rassell's door with her neat package of finished work. She was directed to the lady's chamber. How lightly she tripped up those long stairs; they were the footsteps of hope. Mrs. Rassell proceeded to examine the gaznenus. First she looked at the sitiestest possible scanns, and finally, after the siricetest possible scanns, and finally, after th

It is four o'clock, P. M. Mr. Russell sees the package of finished work lying upon his

the package of finished work lying upon ms lounge.

"Did you pay for these articles, my dear?" inquired he of his wife.

"No, I promised the money next week."

"You did wrong, wife. Perhaps it was a great disappointment to the woman. Where is her bill? six dollars, hey, and receipted—she thinks us honest. Where's Ada? Here is seven dollars, do you take them to Mrs. Marsh, and say we have sent the extra dollar for her interest in waiting five hours after payment time—be-sure and tell her, Ada."

Mrs. Russell remarked about "being just be-fore generous."

sure and tell her, Ada."

Mrs. Russell remarked about "being just before generous."

"Six dollar," asid she, "is enough for the
work, in all-conscience. What do mea know
about women's work? Ada, that extra dollar,
added to the two I gawe you this morning, will
enable you to purchase that splendid opera
fan at Jordain's—you will really—need it tomorrow night."

And the poor widow and her only child thanked-God that with the six dollars, the fruit of
honest, patient labor, they could pay their week's
rent, procure some oil and groceries, and a fewfeet of wood. But Ada didn't thank her mother
for the dollar she had suppressed from giving
Mrs. Marsh—she waved the opera fan in the
party—felt she ought to be graiffied in her
wants, and resolved to act upon her mother's
principle, "to get her sewing done at as cheap
a rate as possible." Hopeful child ! The next
generation will not "rise up and call thee
blessed."

THE PLAINS OF CHALDEA.

THE PLAINS OF CHALDEA.

Layard says that these plains produce some of
the finest fruit in the world. A very delicious
peach has lately been introduced into England,
which has created a good deal of excitement
among nurserymen. The plains in the spring
of the year, are covered with gorgeous Gowers.
Truffles grow there in great abmadance, and are
quite extensively used as an article of food.
Layard also states that the hanging gardens of
Balylon were no fection, as he has found pictured
representations of them in his execucities.

ten for The Flag of our Union. LOST!

BY T. D. WILKIN

t! Lost! Lost! A thousand jewels rare;
A thousand gems of priceiess cost,
A thousand visions fair.
Lost treasures we can ne'er regain,
Lost joys, that will not come again:

The weary heart will weep
O'er hopes that could not last;
O'er well beloved forms that sleep
Within the clouded, sast.
The hopes that once were bright are fled;
The aummer's blooming flowers are dead.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"What a delightful thing it must be to edit a newspaper!" exclaimed Gerrrude Willis, with much enthulisam. "Such a nice chance to hear nows in advance of everybody clae; and then editors get all their books, magazines and news-papers for nothing."
"Fadge?" was the significant rejoinder of the backelor editor to this glowing description of his

"And then they always get tickets gratis to concerts, panoramas, exhibitions, etc., and nothing is expected of them, except to report next morning that Madame T—sings like a nightimus get—that Madame T—sings like a nightimus gale—that the fat haby is a prodigy, and really worth seeing—that Mr. B— is a star of the first magnitude, whose glory and effullyence will certainly leave town in exactly two days—that the journey from Boston to Bombay (on carwas) is exceedingly instructive, amusing, and costs only a quarter? O, I am sure that an editor's life must be something very like a fairy's," added the spirghtly girl.

"All humbug, Gertrude!" retorted the generation in his accustomed arm-chair. "Please hand me my silspers, my dear, for I am extremely tired to night;" he added, with a yawn. Gertrude a emiled meaningly as he brought the silppers.
"That smile sienifies that you would term it.

Gertrude smiled meaningly as she brought the slippers.

"That smile signifies that you would term it easy instead of hard, I suppose," said Mr. Willis, "but, you, like many others, labor under a sad mistake. There is not so much romance in editing a paper—and especially a daily—as you imagine."

"The perquisites would more than compensate me for all the reality I might encounter," replied the young lady, in the same incredulous tone.

"When that 'reality' required you to conflict with half a dozen different minds in one day?"

"When that 'reality' required you to conflict with half a dozen different minds in one day *" he inquired.
"O, but my dear uncle, I wouldn't conflict with them. There isn't the slightest need of it, in my humble opinion. Aint you editor, and can't you please everybody *" persisted Gertrude, shaking her pretty curls, and smiling demurely.
"In parusing that course, my wise little niece, I should succeed in pleasing nobody."
"But yourself," added the young lady.
"Nor myself," astended the gentleman, more serious than he had yet spoken. "To acquire a deep, heneficial, and lasting influence over people's minds, it is imperatively necessary for those in my position to pursue a straightforward, manly, conscientious course. Nothing else will secure them the respect and confidence of the community. Consistency in newspaperdom, as well as in all other things, is a jewel."
"It must be very difficult to act consistently!" retorted Gertude, saucily.
"It certainly is, when a man has so many temptations to act otherwise. You would consider it a virtue to be patient with some tedious and uninteresting visitor, who prevented you from going out, took you from an entertaining and uninteresting visitor, who prevented you from going out, took you from an entertaining hook, or some duty which demanded instant attention, would you not!" asked good-natured Mr. Willis, alway now in a same and any one.
"I suppose so—but that can have no possible bearing on your case," slowly replied the nicc.
"Methinks it does: we shall see. What should you any providing a young lady somewhat evasively.
"But what should you reply 1" he persisted.
"I shouldn't feel obliged to exchaim, heautiful, magnificent, or anything of that nature; but Imight say, quietly, that it looked very well."
"Because you would be anhamed of such faint praise. You would be mach more likely to accreti that it was very pretty, and you liked it.

"Why not?"

Because you would be ashamed of such faint
praise. You would be much more likely to assert that it was very pretty, and you liked it
much; which you perceive would not be truth,
as you did not like it at all. Not possessing the
moral courage—that scarce element now adays
—or fearfal of losing her friendship by your
frankness, you distimulate, and consequently are
not consistent. Is it so very oway, after all "y
inquired the uncle, looking archly at the blushing
Gertrude.

supposition 1" rejoined the latter, who did not, or would not make her own application.

"I am defining my position, my dear. I am not, it is true, obliged to pass my opinion on a lady's embroidery, but I am frequently obliged to ait in jugdment over some long, valueless, wearisome communication, on a dry, uninteresting theme, which will assuredly edify no one-The duty is not so difficult towards a stranger, or decline the sentiments of a professed friend, who considers his opinions as valuable as anybody's, and just as much entitled to public consideration." Gertrude declared "that her uncle generally made out a good case for himself, but on this particular subject he could not enlist her sympathies by his eloquence."

The said Uncle Gaylord did not appear particularly affected by this remark, and despatched his usual amount of tea and toast with a good appettic.

ticularly affected by this remark, and deepatched in sunal amount of tea and toast with a good appetite.

The next morning Gertrude Willis went out to walk, and having occasion to write a letter before the returned home, went into her uncle's office for that purpose. Looking through the partly closed door, abe perceived that he was very busy, and thinking it best mot to interrupt him, entered an adjoining apartment and seated herself at a deck before writing materials. This room was separated from the editor's office by a cloth curtain which hung across the apartment, concealing the person, but permitting the voice to be distinctly heard.

Gertrude had written but a few lines, when a conversation, which was occurring on the other side of the curtain, attracted her attention. She raised her head and listened attentively.

"I have a great mind to omit writing until the next mail," she though, "and see for myself whether my uncle's duties are so very laborious as he would have me think. Here is a small hole in the curtain through which I can look, and take observations of others without being seen myself."

While making these reflections, the young lady changed her seat noiselessly to one nearer the curtain, and glanced through the aperture.

A tall, lank, lean, inquisitive looking man was entering at the moment. Mr. Willis looked up from his paper, said "good morning," and pointed to a ceat.

"You're editor of the 'American,' I take it," said the new comer, in an oft-hand manuer.

"I act in that capacity, sir," was the courteous reply.

"Well, my name's Jeoks, and I live in the State of Missing," manuer of the lank individual.

"I act in time coperation reply.

"Well, my name's Jenks, and I live in the State of Maine," pursued the lank individual, in the tone of one who was imparting valuable information.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with an urbane caile.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, with an anomalie.

"Yes, 'down East,' as some people call it;
or, to come nearer the truth, acony 'down East,'
that means, that I reside in the last stump' pastrace before you step into St. Croix. You
understand?"
"Curtainty, sir."

"Well, Mr. Editor,' resumed the visitor, deunderstand placing three chairs in a row, and
spreading himself upon them, "de you see that
I think that you don't believe that we know anything in them perts!"

I timbt that you don't centere that we know anything in them parts!"
This was uttered with so much seriousness
that Mr. Willia was obliged to make some effort
to refrain from laughing outright. He, however,
asserted gravely his entire ignorance of the state
of Mr. Jenks's mind on the subject he had named, and unqualifiedly expressed his belief that
the gentleman aforesad had done him gross
inituatioe.

cd, and unquaintedly expressed has benief max the gentleman aforesad had done him gross injustice.

"Glad to hear it," resumed the champion of Maine, with much apparent satisfaction; "bown Easters' in general, will be considered an insult to Josish Jonks in perticular."

"I comprehend," said the editor, with a nevous glance at the unfinished article before him, which he expected would be called for by a compositor befage Mr. Jenks's departure.

"I wonder, now, if you're any relation to Capen Willis—one of my neighbors ?" demanded the latter, after a short pause, which he employed in gazing about the office.

"I am not aware of any existing relationship." "Not even third cousin ?"
"Not a ven third cousin ?"
"Not even third cousin ?"
"That's a piece of luck for you. I'm think "That's a piece of luck that the "That's a piece of luck that the "That's the "That

who was beginning to tire of these unproductions.

"That's a piece of luck for you, I'm thinking?" exclaimed Josish Jenka, grinning from car to ear. "Why, Capen Willis is the most despisable scamp that ever went at large in a civilized country! He's no better than a horse stealer?"

Our editor expressed his regret that one who bore his name should be so depraved, and made a half movement towards his desk. Glancing at his watch, he made the discovery that he had but fifteen minutes grace. Something must be done.

done.

"If you will excuse my doing so, Mr. Jenks, I will finish a little writing that I have in hand, which will soon be called for. Here are the late papers which you can examine," he remarked, pushing a pile of journals towards the individual from Maine, who averred that he didn't care much about reading, but would "look about a

And he did use all the eyesight he was favored And he did use all the eyesight he was favored with; opening boxes, prying into private drawers, scrutinizing folded papers, trying new pens, making awful carricatures on Mr. Willis's best letter paper, and wound up by pointing to a quantity of type that had recently represented words and sentences, but which Mr. Jenks had excert paper, and wound up by pointing to a quantity of type that had recently represented words and sentences, but which Mr. Jenks had knocked into chaos, asking what that was. "That's pi', rejoined editor Willis, turning his head hastily in the direction the index finger indicated.

indicated.

"I guess so 1 Piel you don't say so !" ejaculated Josiah, in unequivocal surprise.

The article had progressed just three lines, and a brilliant thought had entered the mind of its author, when Mr. Jenks caused it to be dissipated by exclassing:

"Well, if that isn't about the toughest story out! Pie made out of lead! Come, Josiah, that'll do to go home on! Good-by, Mr. Editor. Pie made out of lead!"

that'll do to go home on! Good-by, Mr. Editor. Pie made out of lead "
And with these words, to the great relief of the occupant of the office, the personage from the "stump pasture" stalked out of the room. Mr. Willis breathed a sigh of relief, and applied himself assiduously to his task, which he had the satisfaction of finishing just two minutes and a half before it was called for.
Gertrade Willis had watched these proceedings with no little interest and amsement. That her uncle had borne this tedious infliction with much more patience and good humor than she should have done under like circumstances, she could have one under like circumstances, she could have done under like circumstances, she could have done under like circumstances, who comments a large pile of letters was placed on the deak, and Mr. Willis proceeded to open and read them with the manner of one who wished to complete a necessary but tiresome duty as soon as practicable.

Circumde was wishing that she was standing behind his chair, and could take a peep at their contents. It was not needful to do so, for just then he commenced reading aloud the following. We insert his comments in parentheses.

"Mr. Editorio —"I don't like your paper at all the death and the same and the search when the same and the same

just then be commenced reading aloud the following. We insert his comments in parenthees.

"Msi. Entron:—I don't like your paper at all. (That's frank, at all events.) When I subscribed for it, I certainly expected to get something worth reading; (complimentary, very!) but it is so filled up with constitutional reports, dry speeches on the liquor law, accounts of conversations which I don't care a straw about, such awfully dull debates on the Hoosac Tunnel, and a lot of nonsense respecting a mortopolitan railroad, which don't concern me an atom, that it actually isn't worth taking out of the post-office. (What a strong minded woman!) And then there's another thing; I like to read accidents, and you don't average more than two a week, which doesn't at all satisfy me. (I wonder if she wouldn't like to have half a dozen human beings blown up, or smashed to pieces, every six days, justs for her especial benefit.) Now I have read in one of my nighbor's papers, four lamentables usicides, and three mournful catastrophes, that you never once mentioned; (the woman thinks that editors are omnipresent.) I hink it unpardonable carelesaness, and culpable neglect towards your readers, which cannot the particular of the strain of

"So much for that; now for another," added our editor, aloud.

The next proved to be a remittance from a delinquent subscriber, which made amends for the fagit-finding of Sally, Adams; but the third ran in this wise.

ran in this wise:

"Mr. American:—Stop my paper. It is surfeited with accidents which never ought to have happened, while on the great questions of the day, which relate to the Hoose Tunnel, the Cuba matter, and the Liquor Law movement, you are comparaitely sile:—the Morcover, I doe on poetry, and have to satisfy my longings on one diminutive piece, situated usually in an extreme corner, as though you begradged it the little space it occapied. I again repeat, stop my paper.

"Your obedient servant,"

"Assoo Short."

"Assox Short."

"What cured the weaver, killed the tailor!" laughingly exclaimed the subject of the above encomiums. "And what pleases one, displeases another. Well, variety is the spice of life, but we poor editors ought to have broad shoulders, to support the burden that is imposed upon us." Before the letters were half finished, his labors were again interrupted by another entrance. A very corpulent, red-faced personage, wrapped in an immense light-colored coat, made his appearance and introduced himself without loss of time. "He had come," he said, in an exceedingly

ance and introduced bimself without loss of time.

"He had come," he said, in an exceedingly
stiff and bombastical way, "to inquire into the
fate of a certain communication which he had
the honor of inditing to the public, and which he
feared had not been received by the gentleman
editor."

delitor."

Mr. Willis satisfied him on that point, by producing the identical article in question.

"Then why has in to been inserted 3" was
the next demand of the pompous individual.

"Because I did not think it possessed sufficient merit, besides not having the space requisite to spars," replied the unabashed editor, in a
polite but prompt manner.

The disamontured assigner for literary house.

site to spare, replace the unabassined coincr, in a politic but prompt manner.

The disappointed aspirant for literary honor grew redder in the face than ever, and looked as though he could annihilate the unfortunate man who dared criticise his production. Raising his hard with quite a theatrical flourish, and swelling with importance, he said:

"I would inquire, sir, whether I am mistaken in supposing this to be a free country?"

"Ishould not, my friend," replied Mr. Willis, smiling at the inscibility of the other.

"And free speech is the right of every man, if I am not most egregiously deceived?" continued the portly personage, with another swell, which threatened the separation of coat and buttons.

"Correct again," said our editor, with a cool

"Correct again," said our editor, with a col-ness that was in agreable contrast to the hearted and vehement manner of the large gentleman.
"Then allow me to remark that in suppressing my important communication, your conduct is reperhensible, inexcusable, and, I may say, dis-honorable!" exclaimed the irritarted applicant, with a tremendous emphasis on the last word. Perceiving that Mr. Willis was in no degree overwhelmed with this announcement, but on the contrary maintained a most provider admisses.

and self-possession, the speaker waited for no reply, turned on his heel, and banging the door ofter him, rushed down the stairs with a moist hat would have done credit to a file of solidiers. Gertrade watched her uncle attentively; he did not appear to mind the amonying incident in the least, but reaumed his letters as quietly as though nohing had happened. She saw mo signs of impatience, until a foppish, over-dressed young fellow stepped into the sznetum, and placed himself in an easy position, as though he meditated a long stay, and meant to make himself as comfortable as possible.

The young lady thought her bachelor uncle did not greet him with great cordiality, but that didn't seem to trouble him at all. He only langhed the londer, and talked very raspidy, and with great affectation and egotism of his remarkable success in the literary line; detailing, minutely, some triumph which he had achieved, which would be worth writing out at length for the encouragement of beginners, and the benefit of the reading public.

"An insufferable exceomb!" thought Gertrade. "I wonder Uncle Gaylord don't give him a hint to that effect. I wish he'd go, for I heard somebody say 'more copy wanted,' just he had not some some such as the such as a such

kking, mischievously:
"If his work had been more laborious than

usuai?"
"Not particularly so," he replied; "I was
thinking of what happened on my way home."
"Pray tell us all about it," continued Gertrude, in a tone so earnest that Mr. Willis looked
at her in some surprise. After a panse, he
resumed:

"A sh ort distance from the office I was met "A, short distance from the office I was met by a person whom I had never seen. 'I take your paper,' he remarked, eyeing me attentively. I expressed my gratification at the circumstance. 'I've been a subscriber from the beginning, sir,' he added. I assumed him that that was also a pleasing fact. 'And, sir,' he continued, coming nearer, and assuming a confidential manner, 'I have always punctually paid my subscription.' "Repeating my satisfaction at such manly conduct, I awaited farther developments with some curiosity.

some curiosity.
"'And now, sir,' said my prompt subscribe
lowering his voice a little, 'I want you to do n
a favor.'

This was uttered in a tone which implied "This was uttered in a tone which implied that I was in honer bound to comply with that I was in honer bound to comply with the request, whatever it might be, because he had taken my paper from its commencement, and paid his bills without deman. Remarking that I would willingly gratify him, if I could do so consistently, at the same time woudering what this long, formal preface prognosticated, I begged that he would name his wishes.

""It is merely that you will publish this as soon as possible—asy to-morrow; because the man goes out of town in a few days, and I wouldn't have him fail to see it, he added, handing me a roll of paper which I lost no time in opening.

"It proved to be an abusive, scurrilous article "It proved to be an abusive, securilous article about someholy who had officeded my prompt subscriber. It was intended to be the instrument of chastisting him severely, and if published would certainly have produced its author a case in court, and perhaps a mercless thrashing into the bargain. 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but I shall be obliged to decline putting this in print,'I remarket, returning him the paper, after I had acquainted myself with its contents.

paper, after I had acquainted myseit was necessitions.

"'Why not?' he asked, in a tone that indicated his surprise at my daving to refuse." It is too personal," I added, mildly, and made a fruitless attempt to convince him that we had nothing to do with private grievances, and never suffered ourselves to intermedidle with any such matters; that neighbors must adjust their own difficulties, and ought not to ask, or expect any advice or assistance from a press which professed to be inapartial in its dealings.
"My Jalow was vain, for he few into an extraordinary passion, charged me with cowardice, deceit, hypocrisy, with half a dozen additional

deadly sins, declared I should 'smart for it,' shook his fist in my face in a very significant shook his fist in my face in a very significant manner, and finished by threatening to expose me in all the papers of the United States. A meanew which you perceive does not materially interfere with my appetite," added the speaker smiling, "for it merely reminds me that editors have their tribulations to encounter as well as others; Gertrade's opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"I'm fast becoming a convert," said that young lady. "Observation, I find, is better than theory; for the verdancy of Josiah Jenks, the bombast and importance of the portly personage, added to the foppishness and self-conseit of the younger gentleman, have given me different views on the subject than I before entertained," she added, significantly.

Mr. Willis looked up inquiringly.

"I was literally behind the curtain this morning, and witnessed some scenes not put down in the bills," said Gertrude, by way of explanation.

"Ah! but the play commenced before you avaised. Only the said of the contraction of the poly your serviced.

the bills," said Gertrude, by way of explanation.

"Ah! but the play commenced before you arrived. On my way to the office, early this morning, I was threatened with a suit for libel, and a horse-whipping, simply because an article which I had written had given offence. A young gentleman of my acquainainer erface A to recognize me in the street a few days since, because I didn't see fit to inflict upon my readers fourteen verses of doggerel, which he dignified by the name of poetry. So you see that the trials of an editor are not creations of the imagination, but realities of no trifling dimensions, but realities of no trifling dimensions, but realities of no trifling dimensions, our realities of no trifling dimensions, but oplease everybody; therefore," added Mr. Willis, deliberately folding his napkin, "we must do the best we can."

THE SNAKE AND THE ICHNEUMON

THE SNAKE AND THE ICHNEUMON.

Mr. Calder Campbell gives the ensuing account of an adventure of an Indian officer, which fully establishes the power of the ichneumon. From some accidental circumstance, he was alone on foot, and wantering about a desolute state of the control o

THE CIRCASSIAN CAVALEY.

Says a Prussian efficer of the Circassian carley, who are about to take part in the coming struggle:—They wear a pointed steel helmet with a long horse tail pendant from it. A net steel work hangs down from the lower part of the helmet and protects the front and nape of the derenach a short red west cut in the Polish fashion. He is clad in a species of coat of mail, consisting of small bright rings of steel intervenced. His arms from the wrist to the cllow, and his legs from the foot of the shinbone to the case of the control of t

CARPETS vs. BLANKETS

CARPETS vs. BLANKETS.

There is a town up in New Hampshire, where so little is known of the appliances of modern days, that throughout the village, until the defout of Rev. M.—, who had just moved in from Massachusetts, there was not a carpeted room. Of this the minister was not a carpeted room. As a constant of the state of the theorem of the theorem of the theorem of the the minister, was shown by the minister's daughter into the "best room."

When the minister came down to see him, be found him stiting on a chair on the door-slip. Amazed and somewhat puzzled at this unexpected sight, Mr. M., asked him why he didn't go into the parlor. "O," said he, "I was afeared of spilin' gour blanket by treadis' on it!"

His amazement may be imagined, when in: His anticontent may be imagined, when in: His anticontent may be imagined, when in: I have the state of the content of the content in the content

PHATHE COM FLAG of our UNION. San State of State of States

RICK GLEASON, PROPRIETO

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

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PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

"Hos, the finge Diver," "A Num Subpet."

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

If we were asked where the greatest power for good or evil was concentrated, where emanated the most vigorous impulses that affected society, we should answer, without hesitation, not in the palaces of kings and emperors, not in senate-chambers, nor even in churches and school-rooms, but in the family. Without good government in the family, there cannot be good government in the family, there cannot be good government in the star. The little beings that to day totter in our daily path, or crowd our streets, or folio on our greens, are the legislators, the divines, the warriors, the writers, the wives and mothers of the morrow; and the tone of this principal star of the star of th

Many who provide clothes, books, education and comforts, with a liberal land, neglect the spiritual wants of those they are appointed to guide and marshal in the right way. Many parents cultivate the mind at the expense of the head—or cultivate mind and heart together at the expense of the head—or cultivate mind and heart together at the expense of health. In a general way, the head may asafely be left to the father, and the heart to the mother—a pertry equitable division, though the influence of the mother is sure to preponderate after all; and we believe that the mothers of America are fully equal to this great mission; we believe that they are true to it, in spite of the efforts of some of the sisterhood to unsex and make men of them—or raise them to an antagonatic power in society, opposed to the male principle, and usurping an isolated and untenable position.

position. There has certainly much laxity crept into the system of domestic discipline, and the young have not that respect for the old which was universal half a century ago. We do not object to the abandonment of the actual rod, but we insist that the spiritual rod, parental authority, should be maintained in full force. Young Americas should not be emancipated from parental sway, until he has energed from roundabouts into the dignity of cravat and dress-coat!

A San Case or Distress.—A young woman who had just arrived at New York from
Bremen, proceeded with a friend to visit her
trother in Wisconsin. On her return she was
separated from her friend, and without money and
unable to speak a word of English, she was allowed by the conductor to pass free to New York.
During the three days and nights that she was
atvaciling thus, she went without a mouthful to
eat, having too much pride to beckon for food.
Upon her arrival in New York, she was taken
sick with fever, occasioned by her distress and
suffering, and did not arise from her bed for
two mouths.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The Amer-can Institute of Homeopathy have obtained from Meissen, Germany, the birthplace of Hah-emann, a block of signite for the Washington Monument. The stone is about three feet long, two feet wide, and eighteen inches thick.

SHAME TO MANHOOD.—To see a delicate woman rubbing bed clothes over a washboard from morning till night, and a berculean gentleman measaring out rolls of lace and delicate ribbons would make a Pawnee Indian laugh at our assumptions of chivalry.

INCENDIARISM.—The female seminary in Tona-wands, Pa., was burned to the ground on Thurs-day week. The Bradford Argus believes that it was the work of an incendiary.

BLIGHT.—The cankerworm is making terrible

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Artificial peals are made with such perfection, in Paris, that even jowellers and pawnbrokers have sometimes been at a loss to tell them from real pearls. The origin of this art was as follows: A French bead-maker, named Jaquin, while washing a certank ind of fish, called delete, or bleak, observed in the water numerous bright and silvery looking particles. He collected some of these for the uses of his trade. Having the shining lustre of pearls, he called this powder pearl essence. His first experiment was to cover beads of gypanu with this aubstance. They were very much admired by the laddies; but, when subjected to heat, it was found that the coating came off upon the skin of the wearer. The ladles, it is said, suggested to Jaquin to make beads, and line them on the inside with essence of pearl. He did this, and established a manufactory for artificial pearls. The following is an account of the process of making artificial pearls. Slender tubes of glass, of a builsh tint, were first pepared. From these, the artist blows small globules of different shapes and sizes, not caring to have them perfectly regular and free from blemish, because natural pearls are not so. The pard essence is then blown into each bed by means of a small glass blow-pipe. It is then a pread over the inside by keeping them in motion. When the varnish thus diffused is dry, the beads are filled with white wax to give them the requisite weight and coldity. They are then bored with a needle, and threaded on strings, for saic. It takes four thousand fish to produce one pound of scales, and from these only four onness of pearl essence are procured. A kind of artificial pearl is obtained, by the Chinese, by putting small pieces of wood, stone, or other substances, in the shell of a mussel. The fish becoming irritated, covers the extraneous substance with a pearly deposit.

A CURIOS DEVICE.

stance with a pearly deposit.

A CURIOUS DEFICE.

There is a bridge over the Rhine at Baslo, which connects the principal city with a smaller town on the other side, called Little Basle. Between the two towns, it is said, there was much contention and jealousy, of which there is still a most laughtable monument. In the tower directly facing the bridge is a public clock, and a carried image of a human face, whose perpetual business seems to be to make faces at Little Basle. The image has its mouth a little open, and furnished with a long tongue of a flery red color, which is so connected with the pendulum of the clock, that every vibration in one direction runs it out in a threatening, scornful, renomous, brandishing towards Little Basle, and the return stroke draws it in. The device is so queer, so expressive, and at the same time so Indicense, asya a tourist, that I could scarcely refrain from laughing right heartily in the public thoroughfare when I saw it, and I have felt my rishes excited ever since, when my mind has reverted to the perpetual spitting out of that scornful red tongue towards the insulted and scorned town of Little Basle.

THE CHINESE RERELLION.

THE CHINESE REBELLION.

Late advices from Canton, to the 21st of March, received in New York, represent the rebellion against the superor as making much headway, and threatening Pekin great confusion and consternation were prevailing in the capital, which the emperor did not hesitate to acknowledge. Shanghai still remains in the hands of the insurgents, although attacks continue to be constantly made upon it by the imperialists. The province of Loo Chow was taken by the rebels on the 14th of January, and the Lieutenant Governor was killed in its defence. The emperor has degraded the general who allowed it to be taken, the emperor acting upon the principle that the man who allows himself to be beaten by his enemies, deserves to be kicked out of office by his friends.

Нурворновіа.-John Cookson, late fo Hydnoesionia.—John Cookson, late foreman of a foundry at Cincinanti, was bitten by a fercious dog some two months since, and on Thursday week he was taken iil, and the next day signs of hydrophobia appeared, and he was in dreadful pain—broke from the cords which bound him, and when six men held him, chloroform was administered, under the influence of which he slept half an hour, and then awoke and breathed his last.

and breathed his last.

SCARCITY OF SEAMEN.—Sailors are very scarce, and in New York there is much difficulty in getting crews. It is said that large numbers have been diverted to the service of the government, which now pays the sailor more liberally than in years past. The government pays \$15 per month, with \$45 advance, and \$30 bounty, making \$75 in advance.

FORTUNATE DISCOVERY—A contractor on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, in making some excavations on the farm of a Mr. Robertson, near Lynchburg, Virginia, discovered an extensive quarry of gypsam, which, but for the railroad, might have remained unknown for

A FEATHERED QUADRUPED.—The editor of the New London Chronicle has been favored with a peep at a curious anomaly of nature, in the shape of a four legged chicken, hatched by a hen of what is called the pheasant breed. The chicken was of the usual size and fairly feathered.

Increased Demand for Coal.—Notwith standing the high price of coal, the demand is still greater than the supply, which shows a very flourishing condition of the manufacturing in terests of the country.

CURIOUS STATEMENT.—There are about 17,000 Jews in the United States. Of the en-tire number, it is said there is not a single one engaged in agriculture.

NEBRASKA.—The German emigrants are pour-ing into Nebraska in crowds. 730 passed through Cincinnati, lately, on their way to the Territory.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Mrs. Rhoda Young died at the advanced age of 110 years on the 10th ult., at Dahlonega, Ga.

The Bank of England clerks have been compelled to shave off their moustaches.

The Jews of Hartford have purchased a site in that city for building a synagogue.

A woman has been elected constable in Perry county, Illinois.

The man who came from the country to see the eclipse, went home next morning.

There are 1475 churches in Massachusetts, forty-one of which are Roman Catholic.

Houses of guita percha are now manufactured—good for boarding houses.

Fayette and Shelby counties, Tennessee, have been visited by a frightful tornado.

Truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness.

Mr. George Steers will build the government steam frigate in New York.

The more a man knows, the more he knows he don't know.

The Empress of France has just completed the treaty-sixthy war of fre are.

The more a man knows, the more he knows he don't know. The Empress of France has just completed the twenty-eith year of her age.

A. B. Prior, under sentence of death, escaped from jail at Columbia, S. C., last week.

Boston, Texas, is quite a large place, with some fifteen hundred inhabitants.

To make moments hours, all that is necessary is to mix them with a little jaclousy.

Deaths by hydrophobia continue to be rife in all parts of the country.

Confidence between parent and child is a seven-fold shield against temptation.

A new boat is to take the place of the old "Maid of the Mist," at Niagars Falls.

Great men differ from common ones in moral more than in intellectual qualities.

GOLD FIELDS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

GOLD FIELDS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

The discovery of gold fields in Southern Africa is producing its usual effects on the Cape Colony, and a rush has been at once made to the mines. The Cape Town Mail, of March 18th, says: Letters from Burgherddorp from respectable parties remove all doubts respecting the discovery of gold and copper deposits near Smithfield. One letter, dated March 10, says: Gold is now found in large neggets. We have some splendid specimens here that have been dug in the past two days. Copper mixed with gold is found in abundance upon another farm. The extent of country, or rather the two extreme points at which gold has been found, is at least two hundred miles, the whole of which, it is supposed, will be found auriferous. The whole of this immense intext of country is almost unknown, with the exception of a small strip. The gold in some places is found in the centre of a ridge of iron stone (which has evidently been thrown up by volcanic action) in a vein of quartz. The upper part of the vein is small, which gradually widens as the shaft is suuds. The copper is found on the surface in "wagon loads," and contains a considerable per centage of gold. The British government has just withdrawn from any further control over the region of country where this gold is found, and a provincial government has been established. The Cape Town any further control over the region of country where this gold is found, and a provincial gov-ernment has been established. The Cape Town colonists, since the gold excitement, wish Eng-land to re-annex the territory to her dominions.

SOUTHERN PRODUCTIONS.

The Southern journals revert with satisfaction to the fact that though formerly the southern clien received their supplies of floar and other necessary articles of food from the North, yet within the last year or two, since the establishment of steamship communication, the South has began to supply the North. From Norfolk alone, it is said that one dealer has sent, within three weeks, six hundred barrels of sweet potatoes to New York, realizing a profit of at least \$1 per barrel; another reads to the Baltimore market 6000 to 8000 bunches of radishes daily; and within the past five months, 20,000 bushes dried apples have been forwarded to New York from Virginia ports. It is not only in the early garden productions that a profitable traffic has spring up, but flour raised in Tennessee is now shipped from Savannah to Charleston for the Northern States.

THE FRENCH SOLDIERS .- It is said that The Farscu Soldiers—It is said that, of the three thousand conscripts who composed the French army class of 1851, but fifty out of every one hundred knew how to read and write. The average height of the men was but five feet and five inches—or about the same as the class of the preceding year. This is probably a less height than would be obtained in any other civilized nation. The French army is remarked by all strangers to be composed of small men. But they generally possess a wiry, sincery frame, are encumbered with no extra flesh, and capable of enduring great fatigue.

A GROLOGIST NONPLUSED.—An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady was how as present declared she knew a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried Ceieles, in a rage. "It is rock the crudie! sir," replied the lady.

SEIZURE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The editor SELUTIE OF INVESTIGES.—I ne cultor of the Brownville (Texas) Flag recently undertook to circulate his paper in Matamoras, but the Mexican authorities not only seized and destroy-ed all the copies, but arrested and imprisoned the unsuspecting carrier.

GILLAGO'S PICTORIAL—We wonder everybody don't take this elegant and structive Pictorial; and we wonder again how it is kept up so well without the systronage of everybody. It must cost an immense amount to embells every number with auch magnificent engravings. Prients, subscribe for it—terms three dollars per year.—Watsington (4)s) Receive.

HIGH PRICES.—Corn in Florida commands 2 per bushel, and is scarce at that; flour \$14 er barrel; bacon 16 cts. and ham 20 cts. per lb.

No LICENSE IN VIRGINIA.—The courts in the counties of Boone, Giles and Nicholas, have efused to grant licenses to sell spirituous liquors.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

"Mr. Smith's Adventure," No. 2. by F. GLEASON.

CHIVAGE.

"Angel Visits," a sketch, by T. S. ARTUGE., "a sketch, by T. S. ARTUGE.," a sketch, by T. S. ARTUGE.," a sketch, pay 7. W. Glotalass," by Glotalass, "by Glotalass a Spring."

"The Mother's Grief," lines. by JAKES CART.

"Split's Varanings," versee, by SRRASA L. GRAVES.

"Transfest Beauty," lines. by JAKES S. LETHER.

"Transfest Beauty," lines. by JAKES S. LETHER.

This week's number contains a view of Wyoming Val sy, and the Nauticook Mountains on the Susquehanns. A portrait of the celebrated Ladame Frances Wright

A view of the Birthplace of President Pierce, at Hills-brough, N. H.

borough, N. H.

A picture of the United States Steam Frigate Fulton.

A representation of the New Armory, corner of Elm
and White Streets, New York.

A series of Japan pictures, giving, first, a Dwelling
House in Janach

an. ion of the Mountain of Fudsi Ja

wapan.

A sketch representing Hunting and Hawking in Japan.

An illustration of the Status of William III., at Trin-lity College, Dublis, Ireland.

Interior view of Messrs. Appleton's Bookstore, Broad-way, New York.

Potrait of Mr. Charles A. Whipple.
And, a view of the submariae operations carried on by
Mr. Whipple, upon the wreck of the Spanish Man-of-War
San Pedro Alcantara, sunk off the South American coast
in 1815.

*, * The PICTORIAL is for sale at all the Periodical Depot in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

Frederica Bremer has written a warm appeal to the Swedish Parliament in favor of the Jews. The brewers of London have raised the price of beer and ale, 3s. on the former, and 7s. on the latter per barrel.

Ninety-five columns of unclaimed letters are dvertised for one month, in the Melbourne Australia) post-office.

advertised for one month, in the Mellourne (Australia) post-office.

There are now on the roll of the Britis' army but two field-marshials, vis., His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the king of the Belgians.

Father Mathew has sustained another shock of paralysis, and the state of his health causes great anxiety. He is at present in Limerick.

At the last meeting of the Geographical Socious of the state of the state of the state of the Post of the Socious Control Africa.

The Parisians are still including themselves with the anticipation of a visit from Queen Victoria, and it has been said that rooms are kept in readiness for her in the Chateau of St. Cloud.

The wheat throughout France presents the

in readiness for her in the Unkeau of the Count.

The wheat throughout France presents the most luxuriant appearance. In the strong lands it is fifteen days earlier than in ordinary years, and there is every prospect of a most abundant beautiful.

harvest.

Lately, Omar Pasha found amongst the letters he received from Transylvania, the following note, in Rassian. "Omar Pacha—sell yourself to Kussia, and thus anticipate all calamities.
Signed, YOUR COMPATHOLY.

In Italy an outbreak can scarcely be preventde. Garnbalti has strived at Genoa. Tomhas likewise returned to Italy, and Mazini is
said to have disspepared from London; all this
tends to the supposition that my next letter may
be more interesting.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

There is a glare about worldly success, which very apt to dazzle men's eyes.—Hare.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have st my reputation! I have lost the immortal art of myself; and what remains is bestial.—

lost.—Sides.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the best thy are such as he cannot help.—Poge.

Never build after you are five-and-forty, have five years income in hand before yon lay a brick, and always calculate the expense at double the estimate.—Kett.

Forms and regularity of proceeding, if they are not justice, partake much of the nature of justice, which, in its highest sense, is the spirit of distributive order.—Hure.

Ordinary nounder rearral a man of a certain

of distributive order.—Ilare.
Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—account house with him.—Mexical and a contraint of the contr

Those passionate persons who carry thei heart in their mouth are rather to be pitted that feared; their threatenings serving no other pur pose than to forearm him that is threatened.—

Fuller.

Joker's Budget.

JOINT S DUDGE.

JONE SAILOW does not make a summer, but one iton can make a spring.

It is said the people of Peru are so indolent has they open pas-pods with an oyster-knife.

It has been decided that the light of other lays war only a stullow light.

The words which "fell light on an "oratora" and attached to those which "hung on his light.

A mother in San Francisco cured her little boy of swearing by washing out his mouth with soop-suds overy time he had profiane words in it. Dean Swift said, with an ingenuity of sarcasm which has never been surpassed, "I never knew a man in all my life who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian."

Christian."

During the late heavy freshets, a physician in one of the submerged towns on the Connecticut, writes that he visited his patients in a boat, getting in at the chamber window, and hitching his boat to the bed post.

As many writers have taken the trouble to define what a wife ought to be, we may as well add our idea on the subject to the general fand. A wife should be like rosat lamb—tender and nicely dressed.

ly dressed.

At an evening tea party, the other day, a proposal was mate for a rubber at whist. After exercial deals, an estimable and handsome yellow the said ressed a gentleman who at near the said of the said ressed a gentleman who at a near the said of the said ressed a gentleman who at a near the said of the sai

Quill and Scissors.

A friend of the editor of the Troy Whig, an Englishman, well posted in whateve relates to titles and blood, asserts that Mrs. Robinson, recently convicted in that city, of murder, is a first cousin to Queen Victoria; her father (Wood, of Quebec) being a son of the Duke of York.

York.

McYlle. Rachel, although but's few months are clapsed since she started for the frigid sone, as brought back from Rassis 800,000 frances—2,0001, sterling, to Paris, and her brother has rought back some 16,000f. This enormous un is the result of a few weeks' earnings. A grain of "ummny wheat," embalmed, it supposed, 2000 years before the Christian era, rass pianted in the lies of Cambrer, near Glassa planted in the lies of Cambrer, near Glassic, and the core, last year. Last harvest, it yielded 517 event this stamper, group of the cover this stamper, group of the cover this stamper.

Scutari, that the English soldiers awear terribly at the fleas which awarm in the barracks just vacated by the Turks. The soldiers ought to select one of the biggest, and put it in the ear of

After Mr. Cammings had received a hall through his has, and Dr. Taylor had been after in the tail of his coat, men' Pass Christian, Mobile, Ala, they shook hands and were reconciled. A young lady, of weak mind, but strong affection for conventual establishments, has gone over to Ireland, with the intention of seeing if she cannot take the "Vale of Avoca." Some of the prominent citizens of Virginia have agreed to hold a railroad convention as the White Salphur Springs on the 7th of August.

Late advices from China state that the Imperialists had sustained severe defeats, and many of their forces had deserted before Shanghai.

A speculator in real estate than planned a mag-

A speculator in real estate has planned nificent city on the Indiana shore, just Jeffersonville, to be called the Falls City.

Jeffersonville, to be catled the Falls City.

A quantity of cotton from Mississippi arrived at Mobile on the 31st tilt. by railroad, being the first shipment by the cars ever made.

Mr. Jelis A. Sargent, of Portland, lost her life on Sunday week, by saking oxalia cadd in the one Sunday week, by saking oxalia cadd has secaped from the juil in which he was contined on a charge of forgery.

A writer sarcasically remarks, that in Spain pricets are everywhere, like life in summer, and shout as useful.

an died lately in the Free Hospital, Lon-om the bite of a leech. The surrounding

Steamer Queen of the West ran from Buffalo to Cleveland, one hundred and ninety miles

The bark Crisis arrived at New Orleans on Tuesday week from Rio Janeiro, with 4000 bags of coffee.

All that Nicholas wanted of Turkey was a trifling note. Instead of that, he has got a serious check.

ous check.

Bennett, of the New York Herald, has gone abroad to take a squirá at Europe.

The supply of gold from Australia, though not large, continues to be good.

March of Intellect.—This march has not yet taken any streppes in Russia.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Binkie, Mr. Lewis M. Currie o Miss Elizabeth A. Ciark. By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Nathaniel Lewis, Jr., to Miss tuth H. Rich. By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. O. C. Lovejoy to Mrs. S. A. Yest.

Roath H. 18th.

Rott E. M. Dexter, Mr. O. C. Lorsjoy to Mrs. S. A.

Weller Mr. Dexter, Mr. O. C. Lorsjoy to Mrs. S. A.

By Rev. Mr. Cilley, Capsinis Brvin Abexander, of RichBy Rev. Mr. Villey, Capsinis Brvin Abexander, of RichBy Rev. Mr. Villey, Mr. Occar Farwell to Miss MarHy Rev. Mr. Shill, Mr. Andrew G. Smith to Miss MarBy Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Andrew G. Smith to Miss MarBy Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Andrew G. Smith to Miss MarHy Revender to Miss Ellis P. Traffe.

When the Mr. Mr. Hy Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. Francis

Smowl to Miss Educate, by Rev. Mr. Puller, Ml. Mr. Goorge M.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Puller, Mr. Thomas S. Spr.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Puller, Mr. Thomas S. Spr.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Puller, Mr. Thomas Cute to

Mrs. Phele M. Wester.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Puller, Mr. Jonna Cuter to

Mrs. Phele M. Wester.

In Westen, by Rev. Mr. Toller, Mr., Jonas Cuter to

Mrs. Phele M. Wester.

In Population, by Rev. Mr. Puller, Mr. Tomas Charles

In Population, by Rev. Mr. Toller, Mr. Tomas Charles

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In Population, by Rev. Mr. Toller, Mr. Tomas Charles

In Population, by Rev. Mr. Rever, Mr. Enra Thomas

Ohles Section Victorian.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. John H. M. Langhilla, 27, Mrs. Charlette Sophie Sorgent, 37, Mrs. Hannah, Treech, SQ, Mr. Biprinale Dans, T. Lier, Johns L. Goldmeir of Andorser, Spirate Dans, T. Lier, Johns L. Goldmeir of Andorser, S. L. Langham, J. Langham, J. L. Langham, J. Langham, J. L. Langham, J. Langham, J. Langham, J. Langham, J. Langham, J

ormann, 777.

At Sauerville, Mrs. Caroline Prances andrews, 98.

At Sauerville, Mrs. Caroline Prances andrews, 98.

At Sauthaven, Mrs. Caroline Prances andrews, 98.

At Farkhaven, Mrs. Mary Stoddard, 68.

At Farkhaven, Mrs. Mary Stoddard, 68.

At Lelester, Mrs. Bubbelvish, Jan Chamberlain, 21.

At Licetter, Mrs. Caroline, 78.

At Marcha, 47.

At Marcha, 48.

At Ma VI. Triown, Ann, daughter of William Cumings, 19. bury, Conn., Sally, widow of the late Major ohn Sedgwick, of Cornwall, 96. and, Me. Asa V. True, Eq., 59; Sarah Elizarhter of Daolel and Hannah Garland, 16. TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

BT C. G. DUNN

Team for the dead shall flow,
When He's bright spark has Hed,
And left inanimate the form
That east with impulse spet;
Bright tears shall flow, and warm
The memory of the dead.

Then gasing on some grass-topped grave, Where sleep beneath some form we love then tears shall brust from sorrow's cave, And rise to kits the eyes above. It more 's first glessn of new-born light, triting from the lap of night, triting two the bay of night, triting two the pathway of the slice.

When through the vista of the past, By sweet remembrance fondly led, With visionary gre we see The spirits of the cherished dead; Then from a foundain in the heart, Affection's tears o'ertlowing start, And gitteer in the brilliant eye Zike you bright stars that deck the sky.

THE BUSHMAN'S FATE.

BY ELIZABETH LINDSAY.

As you go from the city in the Cape of Good Hope, to visit the colony, after having passed the River Yondage, by taking the northeast route, you will arrive at Pletenburg, on the western limits of the English possessions, which are separated from Caffraria by the Grootevisch River. Throughout this journey of some hundreds of leagues, you will everywhere find good roads and passable accommodations, large estates in a high state of cultivation, and elegant and commodious country houses, where you will always meet with hospitality. You will be entertained, not by borse (rough farmers and peasants), but by gentlemen who are exquisitely polite, by dandies in yellow gloves, and by charming young ladice, who will show you the latest Parisian Journal des Modes, who will converse with you about Rossin's music, and who will converse with you about Rossin's music, and who will have at last resumed your route in the darkness, you will have parhaps the yell of the plackal in the distant mountains; or perhaps you will have at last resumed your route in the darkness, you will have parkness they be the plackal in the distant mountains; or perhaps you will have at last resumed your route in the darkness, you will have parhaps the yelp of the jackal in the distant mountains; or perhaps you will have at last resumed your route in the darkness, you will have part have tread of the elephant, by the heavy tread of the elephant, by the wild racing of the rhinocrose, nor by the grows of the hippopotamus. All these monstern have receded before the march of civilization. But do not venture beyond Plettenburg, for these animals yield their ground but slowly, and, these limits passed, they still dispute inch yinch the soli invaded by the colonists, as I will prove to you in this very true story.

It was an evening in 1773; the sun was just setting behind the mountains of Camdebouth, when a type, or young man, who backlain cancealed upwards of an hour in a dense clump of palmites,—a species of palm-tree, with which this portion of Africa a

emerged from his hiding-place, running with great rapidity.

"Tkatisi tkatisi" (an expression of rags with the Hottenton) marmurch he; "cannot a poor bejamma (a fugitive slave) sleep a few moments in these bushes without having a ferocious t'goe (hippopotamus) sent to him by sorcerers hired by his master for this pirpose?" When he had proceeded about a hundred yards, he stopped seddenly; a frightful monster emerged from the bring water of the river and advanced towards the open country, uttering a terrific cry, somewhat resembling the neighing of a horse. He was about eleven feet long, and ten in circumference; his enormous stomach almost trailed upon the ground, and he opened aluge marked that the sent of the result of the sent of th

nsisted sim-

lessly over the shoulders, the hairy side outwards and extending a little above the knees— a felinje or jackal skin about his middle, and a girdle which encircled his body above the hips, and to which was suspended two triangular leathern straps about eighteen inches long, and three wide, which hang down behind. Ought I also to mention as clothing, a shick layer of mutton fat mixed with soot, with which his whole body was besmeared, and which he had sprinkled with the aromatic powder of fosceom, a preparation made of the leaves and young bark of several species of disona, dried and pulverself. The should be a proposed to the several species of disona, dried and pulverself. I have been seen to be seen to be

and to dig up roots, than to defend one against ferocious animals, one easily recognized a bojesman or bushman.

Kies, after having assured himself that he was the only human being in the desert, sprung into the road which leads from Pieterburg to Camdebo, and resumed his journey with much haste. In order to escape from slavery, and also for another reason which you will presently learn, the unfortunate had dared to undertake a journey of a handred user, or about 250 leagues, through scorching deserts often entirely without water, where one meets at almost overy step the most ferocious and the most dangerous animals in all Africa, and indeed we might say, in the world. This handsome young man,—for he had all the perfections of a Hotentoi beauty—was born free in the forests of Sneeuw-Bergen. He was about its years of age when his kraal or village was attacked with no apparent motive, by some Holland boers, who, according to the women in prospect of maternity, and those overthirty years of age, and finally, all who attempted the least resistance. These valiant huntsmen, after having intreplily massaced half a hundred of defenceless persons, divided the prisoners among themselves and brought them to their homes to increase the number of their faithful alaves, and consequently their wealth. From this sexellent method of enriching themselves, there still resulted a slight inconvenience—which was, that every night the masters were obliged to barricade themselves in their sleepingrooms, and to place around their beds pingrooms, and to place around their beds pingro warming, to define the intersects from their devoted slaves, who were constantly watching an opportunity to assassinate, them, in order that they might regain their liberty. Despite all these precautions, it occasionally happened that a brave beer would be found with his throat cut from

might regain their liberty. Despite all these precautions, it occasionally happened that a brave boer would be found with his throat cut from car to ear.

Kies was sold to a merchant from the Cape, who had come to Camdebo to buy wheat, and who, in this little expedition against the savages, had taken a very active part; but, purely, from disinterested motives, so be said. He brought the child to the Cape, and justice obliges us to say, he treated him very kindly. So Kies as he grew up became sincerely attached to him, and would probably have made for ever the sacrifice of his liberty, if another affection more natural and more legitimate, had not come across it. The wife of his liberty, if another affection more natural and more legitimate, had not come across it. The wife of his liberty, if another affection more natural and more legitimate, had not come across it. The wife of his liberty, if another affection more natural and more legitimate, had not come across it. The wife of his liberty, if another affection more natural and nore legitimate, had not come across it. The wife of his liberty, if another affection may a regular plant of the company to a proper and the cape of the company to the proper and the proper

agreed to demand of their respective Vou Vos, permission to marry. Now this permission was very seldom refused, and the musters, far from opposing the marriage of their female shares, were generally streamous in promoting it. Unfortunately for our young couple, the harder which their musters hore towards each other, owing to rivalry in business transactions, exceeded their englity; despite all the supplications of the despairing lovers, they constantly refused to let them marry, and they even took all imaginable precautions to prevent their seeing each other. I cannot pieture to you the grief of the two kollo, the attempts which they made to gentee the open the proposed of the control of their prevents, the thousand sinister thoughts of suicide, of ven-

geance and murder which by turns .succeeded each other in their exasperated minds. The young girl fell sick, and Mijn-bert Hupnare, her master, in the fear of losing a hundred rix dollars, hastened to sell her to a hoer, Disk-Marcus, who was returning to Camdebo where his property was aliusted, and where he carried Trakosi.

his property was altunated, and where he carried Trakosi.

Every one supposed that after the departure of the poor child, Kies would die of grief, and they were very much autonished that he did not appear affected by it. One might see that he was oppressed by a deeply-seated grief; but he made no violent seene, and has rea please his master. Consequently, he was permitted to go unchained—he was not subject to a very particular surveillance; so one fine morning a slaw was missing at the muster which Mijn-herr Plattic failed not to make every morning in person. They searched for him in the city and its environs for several days, in vain; then the governor put his name upon the list of runavays alaves, sent a description of his person to all the districts in the colony, and in a week's time the affair ceased to be mentioned.

severat days, in vain; then the governor put his name upon the list of runawy alaves, sent a description of his person to all the districts in the colony, and in a week's time the affair ceased to be mentioned.

Now you understand how it happened that we have met our young Hottentot on the banks of the Bojesman river, almost two hundred leagues from the city. There remains to us now to follow him into the desert, where numerous adventures awaited him.

He traversed with a nimble step the shores of the briny river, then, before night had there are not to be a step to the desert, where the cast, in order to cross the valley of Nice hout kelof. Then he took the path to the left, between two mountains, in order to quench his hirst at the fountain of the Neur Leigh **Eksi-t'ken-sibina, of which I give you the name in order to show you as ample of this Hottentot langue, which the traveller Levaillant found so sweet and so harmonious, and which other travellers before him, had compared to the cluckings of a trucky-cock. I only regret being unable to indicate, except by the t', the insupportable claster of the tongue, with which each word, almost each syllable, commences.

Twilight had enshrouded the valleys, when Kies suddenly stopped, listened for a moment, and cast an anxious glance around him. Then the unfortunate perceived at about a hundred steps distance, an immense tyourner or lion, which was following him, and which only waited steps distance, an immense tyourner or lion, which was following him, and which only waited steps distance, an immense tyourner or lion, which was followed him at the same distance, stopped also; these two look for a highrans, a mane given to the level summit of a rock, with the land on one side and a precipice on the there. As soon as he had found one, he stopped and seated himself upon the edge. The lion, who still believe this mattice had the desired result; and particle description of mannequin, for the purpose of deceving the tegmma. This artifice had the desired result; he had rem

when he heard the lion advances steakhily, and almost creeping, like a cat watching a mouse. The terrible animal, taking the cloak for the man, calculated his leap with so much accuracy, that he fell head foremost over the precipice, and was instantly crushed. Kies, triumphant, regarded him with a kind of haughty pity, shrugging his shoulders, and exclaiming, "kasti!

For affeen days Kies had subsisted upon the bitter beans of the black Gayacum, the gum of he mimosa, the pulpous roots of the da-t'kai, on grasshoppers and caterpillars, happy when he came across a hillock of termes, the clayer cone of which he broke with his sitck in order to eat its inhabitants. Thus the poor traveller was designed by the control of the broke with his sitck in order to eat its inhabitants. Thus the poor traveller was deslighted with the capture which he owed to his presence of mind. He descended the rock, collected some dry sicks with which he kindled a fire, and in the twinkling of an eye he cut up the animal, whose fiesh is so much relished by his tribe. While a portion of it was broiling on the hot coals, he cut th rest into strips as large and as long as possible, but not more than a finger and a half thick, and spread them upon the bushes, so that it might dry in the morrow's ann. After an excellent repars, Kies seated himself between his fire and the rock, and abandoned himself for some time to a light elumber.

The common saying that a hare always sleeps with one eye open, will apply with more justice to a bojesman. He at first paid no attention to the distant crise of the ferocious animals, which, attracted by the olor of the meat, came down from the mountains to dispute with him he holeody fragments of the lion. In his light slumber he distinguished perfectly well the yelpings of the aurd-ac/fs, and he did not distarb himself for the missing of the southers as the had because a meanimed closed. But suddenly he heaped up with precipitation, because he had long the mantance of the forest well the yelping of the aurd-ac/fs

limbs, and alept profoundly in this, the Hottento's ordinary attituted or repose.

'The sun had already completed half his daily rounds, while and already completed half his daily rounds, while and she possible provisions, and the his has provision, as the state of the provision of valures as the possible provision, while numbers of jackals and other animals were noiselessly engaged in tearing the last morsels of she petus the provision of valures and the state of the provision of the provision

girls. On the young many sames—inclinate girls.

Trakes was very pretty, and for symmetrical elegance of form, she might have shared the palm with any European bells. Her large black eyes were full of expression and sweetness, and her pearly teeth contrasted admirably with the deep red of her lips, and her clear, known skin. At the Cape, she had been persuaded to renounce the usual custom of the besmearing of the skin with the grease of best and matton. But with a kind of black pomado she had drawn a conspirations line across the forheads, and she had painted her checks a brilliant red with vermilien pomade. This coquerty was very modest compared.

ed with the various shorry colors with which the Hottentots usually daub the face in fifty directions. Upon her head alse wore a little fload or hat, the crown formed of black leather, and the rim, about four fingers in withits, of sebra skin, ornamented with a profusion of white, yellow and red beads. Over her shoulders waved with grace a beautiful faves of skin, divested of the hair, and extending nearly to the ankle. But the article in which the Hottentots display the most langeauity and coquetry, is the sengerare, composed of three little fraties or approach rate, composed of three little fraties or approach rate, composed of there little fraties or approach rate, composed of three little fraties or approach rate with the prettiest designs and the most brilliant combinations of colors. Besides, these three approach rate was also been also been designed and the most brilliant combinations of colors. Besides, these three approach rate was of beads, like the collar around her neck; some were composed of several rows of beads, like the collar around her neck; some were of copper; the most common, and of these she had ten on each limb, consisted of bands of leasher. In short, the young girl displayed all the luxury of a true child of the desert.

The carriage, drawn by six yokes of oxen, was guided by a baster (a Creole, born of white and the little rate of the desert.

The carriage, drawn by six yokes of oxen, was guided by a baster (a Creole, born of white and the little rate in the prevention of the beauty of the profuser of the contravity of the provided prevention of the beauty of the prevention of the bea

Suddenly Trakosi hears a singular yell—the raises convulsively the awning, responds by a similar savage cry, springs to the ground, disappears, and Dirk-Marcus comprehends nothing of all this. He is about demanding an explanation of the six slaves who accompany his heavy equipage, when a violent joid, accompanied by a terrible concussion, precipitates him under the bench upon which he was seated. He felt himself rise with his carriage and all his baggage; then the carriage was overturned, broken, and happy was if for the worthy boer, that he rolled into a ditch which sheltered him from the tempeted of spears which flew around him in every direction.

When all this property is the ground the property of the pr

direction.

When all this uproar had ceased, Dirk ven-tured to raise his head, and he saw the fragments of his carriage dispersed here and there, his oxen roaming as large over the country, and his driver seated upon a rock, tranquilly smoking his pipe and regarding the wreck with an air of perfect indifference. He demanded an explanation—his Hottentot gave it to him with utter nonchalance.

pupe ana regarung the wreck with an air of perfect indifference. He demanded an explanation—his Hottentote gare it to him with utter
nonchalance.

"Baas," said he, to him, "that dense clump
of bushes ynoder—do you see it?"

"Yes, rascal," answered Dick.
"Ah, well," resumed the man, with the same
gravity, "there was hidden in that thicket an
enormous rhinoceros and a young bejesman,
who probably had a contest. The young man
lanced a spear at the animal, at the same time
attering the cry which you heard, master. I assure you, that the fellow is as courageous as he
is active, for I, who—"

"Well, well, what happened after ?"

"Well, after the bejesman run directly
wards our carriage, having at his heels the horrible monster, with one of his spears buried deep
in his side. You recollect, base, the day when""" "Katsi, wilt thou stop thy nonsense, and answer me correctly?"

"What are you angry about ?" said the drorev, emitting from his mouth along part of snote,
then he resumed: "When our young man, who
was botly pursued by the rhinoceros, was sufficiently near our carriage to touch it with his
hand, with a light bound he sprang to the side,
went behind and received in his sarus Trakois,
who had thrown herself there, half dead with
fright. White the furious rhinoceros overturaned
and troke our team, the bojesman continued to
run like a wild horse, as if he were unencambered by his pretty burden."
"And Trakoi saki nothing? She did not
"And Trakoi saki nothing? She did not

and orace our 'earm, the objectman continued to run like a wild hone, as if he were uncentumbered by his pretty barden."

"And Trakosi said nothing? She did not struggle in the arms of her ravisher?"

"Why, no; all I was able to see was that she no longer wept, and that she had passed her arms around the neck of the Cyo, doubtless through fear of falling. Hold, at the moment when you came from your hole to interrogate me, I could still see them through an opening in the forces at the foot of this hill; a fine young man, faith."

"And my Hottentests, where are they?"

"Master, your faithful slaves have proficed by the occasion to plunder your merchandize, and to escape to the woods."

"Ah, it is very fortunate that thou hast not done the same."
"Master, I um a free drover and not a Aobbo. If I had been your slave, you would never have left the hole where you were just now."
Dirk Marcas made horrible grimace, ground his teeth, and sighted auditly—but he answered nothing, for his gun was broken.

I need only add that our hero and heroino reached a pleasant valley wherein they made themselves a home. Kies, by his skill and intepdidy as a hunter, managed to support himself and his now blooming Trakosi, in Hottentot comfort.

MY GRAVE

BY S. W. HASELTINE I care not where ye bury this for When life hath ceased to be; O, bury me whereler you will, It matters not to me.

ay be in my native land, on some foreign shore; ay be where the stranger's feet all tread my grave-turf o'er.

It may be in the forest dark, Or on some sunny hill; It may be 'neath some green tree's shade Or by some tuneful rill.

It may be where sweet wild flowers wo Or in the desert sand; It may be where my kindred sleep, Or in an unknown land.

ay be on the ocean's bed, neath the rolling wave; twould be all the same to me there should be my grave.

For God, I know, will mark the spac, Wherever it may be; Then bury me where'er you will, It matters not to me.

THE MINER'S BRIDE.

In one of the mountainous districts of Germany lived a miller. His house stood in a narrow valley, from which the thickly wooded sides of the mountains rose almost perpendicularly. In the background two ranges united, forming a sort of semi-circle between them, and beyond these another range, whose summits were, even in summer, covered with snow, rose to a still greater beight.

in summer, covered with snow, rose to a still greater height.

The house was built after the fashion of the country, was spacious and well arranged, and formed a pleasing object in the landscape. The stone underplinning was about five feet in height, and on this were laid rough hewn but well joined timbers. A baleoxy used for dysing flax and linear, ran across the front and round the right side of the house, and was accessible from the upper story as well as by means of an outer staicace. The building was surmounted by a gable roof, held in its place by stones instead of unit, and in fort rose a small tower or beliry, from which a bell gave the summons to the niddy and evening meals. A montain stream was dammed up a few rods above the house, and its waters were brought to the mill through a wooden water course.

and its waters were brought to the mill through a wooden water course.

The land about the house was unproductive, and no harvest but potatoes could be safely regioned on from it; but higher up the mountains, were rich pastures belonging to the farm. These, protected by the surrounding woods, yielded ample support in summer to sixty or seventy head of cattle. A peasant and his wife occupied a small cottage near by to take charge of the tocks, and the butter, cheese and milk sent by them was held in high estimation by the visitors at a neighboring bathing-place.

Everything betokened the residence of a rich, prosperous and influential yeoman, nor was the miller unworthy of his position. He was honorable and upright, always faithful to his word, and in his manners neither servile and cringing to his superiors, nor arrogant to his inferiors. He wore a long coat of the finest cloth, and the word and complete the description of the superiors. He were a long coat of the finest cloth, and green supenders held up his short knoe breeches of goodskin. His well rounded legs were covered with blue stockings.

penders held up his short knee breeches of goatskin. His well rounded legs were covered with
blue stockings.

It has been truly said, that ambition is found
in the secladed valley as well as in the palaces
of kings, and that of the miller centered in his
two children, a son and adapther. The former,
afree passing some years with the villige priest
went to the capital and gained high honors in
the ministry. When he had reached the seventh
class his mother fell mortally ill, and, on her
death-bed, exacted as olemn vow from her son to
tenter the priesthood; so all his attention was
henceforth devoted to the necessary preparation.
When he left the eighth class, he entered the
theological school, and thence by his talent and
industry attracted the attention of the archbishop,
who, when his studies were ended, took him for
his own chaplain with the promise of a rich
ben fice in the future.

The miller was justly proud of his son, and
this was his only weak point. A few words in
praise of the son were sure to gain the father's
good will, and did any one express a desire for
the advice and assistance of the chaplain, the
beart of the miller was open to him at once.

But he was no less happy in his daughter.
She was the most beaufiff uniaded in the valley,
modest, truthful, and noted for her management
of the house. The old man was somewhat
stern, and held stricter notions of propriety than
love is once declared. The miller was upport
cell this by his son, who kept up a constant correspondence with his home, and was always consulted on all family matters.

The miller had high plans for his daughter.
She should inherit his property, and marry a

satisfied on all family matters.

The miller had high plans for his daughter. She should inherit his property, and marry a prosperous tradesman who would contribute a round sum to the establishment, or some man high in office, who would give importance to the family. Or perhaps it would be some rich hand owner, who could unite the two estates. When this took place, he would leave the mill to the young people, and hinself retire to a cottage near by, where he would still be at hand with counsel and assistance. But the old man would not listen to the thought of any meaner match for his beautiful and well endowed Martha. Martha hersoft showed so disposition to dis-

obey her father's wishes in this respect, and none of her many lovers could succeed in gaining the slightest encouragement. A rich, but vulgar and uneducated merchant from the neighboring city, diatreed himself for some time with hope of success, but he was by no means saked to the taste of the pretty Martha, who had re-ceived a good education in an Ursuline convent, and the miller too, turned a cold shoulder on him.

Then came a musician about thirty, pale, bald and in spectacles. He rede over every Thursday to sing with Martha, who sat in the choir in the village church. One day the miller found him, his fiddle in one hand, his bow in the other, in the midst of a passionate declaration of love. Martha quietly referred him to her father. The old man surveyed him from head to foot, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and before he had spoken a word, his gestures became so gie; nifecant that the unfortunate lover judged it best to setire forthwith, and the lessons were from that time discontinued.

The chief forester also sought her hand. He was a widower with one child, and report said his first wife had not lived happlity with him. His love and his heart were now a sort of gold-beaterskin, capable of such indefinite extension, that he had a piece for every pretty maiden in the valley.

"Don't be in a hurry to marry, Martha," said

His love and his heart were now a sort of goldbasterskin, capable of such indefinite extension,
that he had a piece for every pretty maiden in
the valley.

"Don't be in a burry to marry, Martha," said
her father; "the eighth man will come at last,
and the forester will not be apt to reach his second wife any better than his first."

Martha had no inclination for him herself,
and cared nothing for such a love, and the forester,
rected and indignant at his want of success,
was forced to give up his sait.

Close by the mill lived the widow of one of
the superintendents of a neighboring mine, who
supported herself by sewing, knitting, and any
little services she was yet able to render to the
people around. She had experienced many
vicisations of fortune, and Martha loved to visit
her, and hear her stories of her former life.
Sometimes she met there a nephew of the old
woman, a young man of noble character, but
miserably poor. He had lost his father when a
boy, and had come hither out of 'Bohemia to
work in the mine, where he had risen to the
position of surveyor. His early education had
thus been much neglected, but he was now by
very exertion, making all the amends in his
power. He was famous for his skill as a musician, and was a welcome guest at all the fastvalue in the valley, but he ever remained unmovd by the smiles of the maideas, and they pronounced him cold and reserved. He possessed
was the house guest at all the face,
and found in his intercourse with his father, who wished his
assistance in plans for the mill and farm, but in
the evening he sat with Martha in the garden,
and found in his intercourse with her, a compensation for many of the attractions he had letbehind him. His affections denied by his vocation as a price every other outelt, had centered
in Martha with an almost religious devotion.
He total her stories of the city and of the gay
word by the sing in the religious devotion.
He total her stories of the city and of the gay
world by which he was surrounded. Martha
had no sec

yet, in their daily conversations, he had much to learn of her character.

Sometimes in the cool evenings they strolled together over the mountain pasts. Marths still wore the picturesque dress of the country, which her father had never permitted her to lay aside. This consisted of a long, bright shirt, a dark jacket or spencer, and a tall pointed has with long ribbons. Once they met Franz. Martha blushed and cast down her eyes as he approached, and they exchanged greetings as they passed. Her brother asked who he was, and Martha told him of their intercourse.

"How do you like Franz?" said he to her, one day.

Martha made no reply. Her brother went on.

"Speak freely. You can say anything to me."

"Speak Feely. You can say anything to me."
"I like him much," said Martha. "He is a noble, honorable man, who devotes his earnings to the support of his aged mother; nor is he ignorant, for he reads much. But he is poor and and my father is prond, so nothing can ever come of it, and I must put it out of my head."

The brother understood more than her words implied, but feeling the attachment hopeless, thought it better to give her no encouragement, and even advised her to give up her visits to the old widow.

Not long after this conversation it became necessary for the miller to take a journey on business to the other side of the mountains. His horses were harnessed early in the morning, and after giving a few last directions, he started, saying:

horses were harnessed early in the morning, and after giving a few last directions, be started, saying:

"I shall be back soon. God be with you!"

He completed his business and noon found him some distance on his way home. He gave the veins to his well trained horses and leaned leisurely back without paying much attention to the path. They soon reached a narrow place in the road where the mountains rose almost perpendicularly on one side, and a steep precipic descend-on the other, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent roared and tumbled along. It was a barren and desolate spot, and only a few shrunken pines clung to the crevices in the rocks. The air was filled with a thin mist, and the sun shining through it, seemed to cover every object with a dazzling veil. The horses took their own pace. The miller was smoking his pipe and thinking of his speedy arrival, when he became aware of a slight noise above him. He looked up, the sound grew louder; the air was filled in a moment with particles of snow, which saddenly swelled to a huge mass. He felt himself and his wagon scied as if by an evil spirit and hurled along, and then all consciousness was gone. An avalanche had fallen and buried him in its descent.

When he awoke, he found himself completely walled in by snow, which, however, had formed a sort of arch above him, so that he still had

space to breathe. He tried to enlarge this, and if possible, find some means of egress, but he ran the risk of completely burying himself by may imprudent motion, and overwhelmed with despair, he again became unconscious.

The sound of voices above next roused him, and he tried to move, but his suiffered limbs refused to obey him. Suddenly a gleam of light penetrated his darkness, and through the sperture he caught a glimpse of the blue sky. Almost dazzled, he closed his eyes, and when he again opened when, he met those of Franz gaing down upon him. Frans had been on his way to his afternoors work in the mine. Just out of range of the avalanche, he had seen the whole accident, and for a few moments stood paralyzed with terror, unable to think what measures to be of any avail must be speedy, and in a few moments he had summoned several of his fellowworkmen. They sought in vain for any trace of the wreek, or of the buried miller, but finally one of the long poles which they used to try the other work, or of the buried to the spot where the old man lay. Franz spraing down to him. His companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn up. As the milHis companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn up. As the milHis companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn up. As the milHis companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn up. As the milHis companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn up. As the milHis companions quickly brought ropes, and in a few moments both were drawn as a man and to start the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment that they heard of the farms at the same moment

was hot.
"Then I know what he will choose," said

"Then a the priest."

"What do you mean?"

"Can you not guess?"

"Tell me what you mean, plainly," said the

old man.

"Ask Martha," said his son.

"But Martha thow shall Martha know !"

"But if she does," said his son.

"Then let her say," said his son.

"Do you hear, Martha!" said her brother.

Martha 's selks were crimson.

"What would you say if he asked you for
Martha brest!" went on the priest.

"How! what!" said the old man.

The priest continued:

"He has long loved Martha, but has been to timid to prefer his suit, and Martha has iven him no encouragement, through fear of coving you."

"re nas tong loved Martha, but has been to timid to prefer his suit, and Martha has given him no encouragement, through fear of versing you."

"Then," said the miller, "nothing can come of that. He can have a good field, or a round sum in money, if he chooses, but my daighter—never! No one must mention this to me again."

The priest feared the case was hopeless, but my daighter—never! No one must mention this to me again."

The priest feared the case was hopeless, but he made several other attempts with his father, which were again unsuccessful. The old man never made him any answer. He only shook his head and left the room directly. In a few days he met Franz. He went up to him, shook him by the hand, and said:

"Franz, you are a noble fellow. I am under great obligations to you, and would gladly do anything for you—but my son says you wish to marry my daughter. Now that can never be. You are poor, though that is no shame to you, and woner. But is there no other way? Do you not need money? "I am told you support your mother by—"

Franz interrupted him, and said shortly:
"I thank you," while an inonical smile played over his compressed lips. He then asked after the miller's health, and passed on.

After this interview, all seemed to be over. Everything went on in its old way, except that Franz became very sad and thoughtful. His companions equid not draw from him the cause of this, but it served to keep them all at a distance from him.

One day an accident happened to one of the miners. He did not return at the due time, and a party set out in search of him. He had been buried in the snow, and they drew out his body, stiff and cold. Franz was foremost in the search, and when the body lay before him, he muttered:
"If I were only in his place—he has a wife, has children and a house; I have nothing to lose, nothing:
An old man who overheard this, reproved Franz severely; he called such thoughts blasphemous, and a definace to Heaven.

The miners had now struck a new and very valuable veity, now which they worked da

"That will be a tremendous blast," said one of the workner.

"Yeq," said another, "that will do double work."
"Ready," now called out the first, and gave the signal to get out of the way. Most of the men spring back to some distance, but Franz was a little, and had just succeeded in ensconcing himself behind a projecting rock at a turn in the

"That was a noble blast," called out Franz from his corner.
"Light the lamp, Murtin," said Andreas.
Martin searched for it on the ground where he soon found it, lighted it, and almost blinded by the change from utter darkness, held it up to see what progress had been made.
"Why are you on low? Why don't you light a lamp?" called out Franz. It was his voice, but dull and strange, as if from a grave.
"Where are you?" exclaimed Murtin and Andreas at once.
"Here, here!" said the voice, but the sound was the same.

"Here, here !" said the voles, but the sound was the same.

They held up the lamp, and only saw before them a large mass of rock.

"Where are you!" they shouted again, in terror, and looked around them, hoping they might be missaken in the direction from which the sound seemed to come.

the sound seemed to come.

"Here. Why don't you strike a light?"

The men looked at each other. Dismay was pictured on their faces.

"For God's sake, Franz," said they, "you do not men."

pictured on their faces.

"For God's ake, Frans," said they, "you do not mean—"

"I am here," cried he, impatiently; "why are you so long rubbing those matches? there is a piece of rock in my way, and I can't see to get out till you bring me a lamp."

Then all was clear to the men. Franz was walled in behind the fallen rock; they examined it in every direction, but no way of egress presented itself. There was only a narrow cleft at the top through which a few rays of the lamp penetrated.

The first moment in which Franz became ware of his situation, was a terrible one to him, though he did not fully realize his danger. He pushed with his whole strength against the rock in every direction, hoping to dislodge some stone which would move the rest, but in vain. His companions now left him to procure assistance, promising soon to return, and an hour passed before steps were again heard, and the chief of the men appeared with a large bod of workmen.

They again examined the rock, but it was

istance, promisting roon to return, and an hour passed before steps were again heard, and the chief of the men appeared with a large body of workmen.

They again examined the rock, but it was firmly wedged in its position, and no resource presented itself except blasting the rock, which was attended with the most imminent danger to Franz. The gallery was narrow, so that only two men could work at once with their pickazes, and before they could reach Franz in this way, he would die of hunger and thirst. Moreover, the air was bad and insufficient.

At length, however, they succeeded in enlarging the cleft at the top, so that they could put in food, and now set about their slow task with zeal, when, after twenty-four hours, another difficulty presented itself. A spring had been opened in the side of the passage, and the water was now trickling down into the narrow space in which Franz stood. It was already as high as his knees, and they said he would be drowned before they could reach him in this slow way. The danger was imminent and increasing every moment.

"There is only one way of saving him," said the chief decidedly." "We must blast the rock, or Franz is lost. The rock xursv be blasted, it is possible that poor Franz may be buried under the ruins, but better a quick death from a fragment of the rock, than a lingering one by hunger, or the agony of gradual drowning. That alone can save him, if Heaven have not decided otherwise."

A solenn pause followed these words. The workmen assented to the opinion of their superior, but they felt it was a cast for life and death. They called to Franz and proposed the plan to him. He was silent for a moment—then gave his assent with a courageous voice.

The news of his situation soon reached the village. The miller became very grave, and said not a word. Anguish destroyed Martha's usual composer—she wung her hands, he eyes grew red and filled with tears, but she did not weep.

Not long after the first news, one of the workmen came in haste to say that Franz had com-

eyes grew red and filled with tears, but she did not weep.

Not long after the first news, one of the workmen came in haste to say that Franz had consented that the rock should be blated, but the first wished to prepare for death as a Christian, and asked the services of Martha's brother."

Martha heard this news with composure; she now seemed resigned to verything. She walked quietly up and down the room for some time, then suddenly left the bouse. Her father followed her to the door to watch her. She went up to a wooden vrucifix bearing an image of Christ which stood where two roads met—before this she knelt.

"You have been praying," said her father to her, as he still stood at the door, and met her, returning.

her, as he still stood at the door, and met her, returning.

"Yes," said she, quietly, "for Franz, for myself, and for you. That He may forgive our arrogance and all our sins, and make us happy." The old man turned away to hide his tears.

"Come now," said Martha, "we must go to the mine with my brother.

The old man assented, himself harnessed the horses, and the three drove on in silence till they reached the narrow foot-path which led to the mine. Here they alighted. Martha remained with her father at the miner's in, while the priest went directly to Franz.

Here the workmen were collected through curtosity or comparation—the drill was already

Here the worknen were collected through curiosity or compassion—the drill was already made. Nothing remained but to apply the match. "Good luck to you," called out the worknen as the priest approached, and reverently made room for him.

Then they drew back and left him alone with Franz, to whom he announced his arrival, and received the conclession, which he made in hamility, but with the quite resolution of a man who looks death in the face.

"Te absolov," said the priest, after it was finithed; "in some Patrie of Felic & Spiritus Sonie," and then prayed with him.

"I havey sto one worldly office with you," said be; "my father and Martha send you greeting,

(Franz sighed) but now," continued he, "put away all temporal thoughts, and fix your mind on eternity. In a few moments all will be over. Remember, whatever comes, Heaven sends it." The workmen now came forward and entreat-ed the priest to bless their works. They knels,

ed the priest to bless their works. They knelt, repeated a short prayer, and received his blessing. Then he withdrew. The workmen cast lots for the lucky hand, and the choice fell on Marsin.

lots for the lucky hand, and the choice fell on Murrin.

"Good luck to you," said they all three times, and fell back. Murrin lighted the match and splited it. For a moment there was the most fearful suspense, then came the explosion. The white smoke curled up, and fragments of the rock fell in all directions. There was a dead silence, which no one ventured to break.

"He gives no sign of life" maid Andress, at length. "He is dead, he is dead it' repeated one after another.

They took their mining lamps and approached. The blast had done its work—the new keep.

length. "He is dead, he is dead!" repeated one after another.

They took their mining lamps and approach-ed. The blast had done its work—the rock was split from top to bottom, and large fragments were torn off, which were piled up in the great-est confusion.

"Are you living, Frana *" called out Andreas, but no answer came." "He is dead *" said the men again. They now took great hooks to drag away the pieces of stone; when the uppermost were removed, one of them climbed up and held his lamp at the opening. What a scene presented isself! Franz lay on his knees, his head resting against the rock, his face colorless, and giving no sign of life. The water had reached his breast as healt, and is large fragment of the rock had fallen just at his feet, covering him with the drops is had dashed up.

The men raised him, felt his pales, and soon convinced themselves that he still lived. Franz, risen as it were from the grave, soon recovered so far that he could be carried by his companions to a neighboring house.

The miller and Martha were availing the event with trembling suspense. One of the men hastend forward to give them the joyfal intelligence. The old man wept like a child—he took his daughter one side, and said:

"Martha, if you are still of the same mind, I give my consent; this is a sign from Hearen."

"I have betroubed myself," said Martha, quietly. "When I knelt before the cross, I vowd to belong to Franz alone, or to cater the convent where my good Ann Catharine took the veil."

At this moment the door opened and Franz appeared; he blushed as his eyes fell on Martha, whose presence he had not known, and stood doubtfully on the threshold. The miller stepped up to him and greeted him warmly.

"Franz understood him, and a flush of joy passed over his features.

"You shall be cared for," went on the miller, "you shall be cared for," went on the miller, "you shall be image for the return ill he had joined the lovers' hands in marriage. Franz and the priest delayed his return ill the hid, and the priest delayed his return ill the large of the month of the stronger his story, and with joyfal pride points out his Martha, his union with whom he owes to his fear-ful adventure in the mine.

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BY FANNY BELL

ooked on the forest flowers His little heart was sad; cattered were they by winds and showers. Those flowers had made bim glad. Who hath done this?" he sadiy asked, "Who hath my flowers destroyed?" His infant mild was sorely tasked, His pleasure was alloyed.

"Twas I," replied a gentle voice,
"Who all this change hath made!
Be not so sad; look up, rejsice;
And be thou not afreid,"
And as the not afreid,"
And as the spoke a form appeared,
More beauteous than the flowers,
And he this little mourner cheered
With his celestial powers.

His graceful beauty for surpassed The sons of mertal race; His form was in perfection cast, Angelie was his face. A cower of gold was on his bead, With gome of rainbow have; and from his egas bright rays were shed, Pure as the morning dews.

Thy flowers, my pretty child," said he "Are not destroyed by death! "Are not destroyed by death!
Their spirits have been saved by me,
The leaves have lost their breath.
They bloom in greater beauty far,
Than ever thou didat see;
In spheres beyond the morning star,
From storms and whirtwinds free."

"Wont you take me?" then asked the chi "Those pretty flowers to see? In that bright world with climate mild, Where no more storms can be?" "Yes, child, thou too, a spirit hast, That must transplanted be;

And when the storm of life is past, I will come and take thee."

The child awoke; 'twas broad daylight,
And merry ung the birds;
Then disappeared that angel bright,
Remembered were his words.
But soon another form appeared,
Who filled his heart with joy;
This angel he had never feared—
He was her darling boy.

Twas her instructions he had seen, Personified in form; When in his dream he vezed had been, At effects of the storm. For she her child had early taught To look beyond this sphere; Whenever his mind was vezed by aught That did not right appear.

That though all things appeared to die,
It was not really so;
That there was far beyond the sky,
A place where spirite go.
And she had pictured to his mind
That great celesthal form
Whose nature it is to be kind,
and shield us from death's harm.

THE WERE WOLF.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

NEAR a small river that flows from the Vos-ges mountains into the Rhine, there stood an extensive forest. It covered the country far and near, reaching to the borders of Switzerland on one side, and for many hundred tailes on the other, extending to the banks of the river, cov-ering the lofty heights parallel to which the riv-er nan. These fearful Vosges, with their dark recesses and wooded heights, their silent grot-toos and gloony shadows, were viewed with mysterious awe by the peasants of the surround-ing country.

mysterious awe by the peasants of the surround-ing country.

It was toward the close of a saltry day, that a knight, clad in proof armor from head to foot, rode into a small village which stood by the river which we have mentioned. His vice be-ing down, prevented his face from being seen, but his figure was erect and finely proportioned. He rode with admirable grace, and his appea-ance attracted great crowds of villagers to gaze upon him.

ance attracted great crows of vanagers to gaze upon him.
"Ser," said he to a peasant at whose cottage he drew up, "bring some water for my horse," and saying this, he dismounted, while the peasant prepared to obey his order.
"What is the name of this town?" said the

"What is the name of this town?" said the knight. "Chat-Marie, an' please your lordship," said the peasant humbly. "And how far may Strashourg be from here?" "Thirty Bly the sword of Saint Michael?" said the knight, in a tone of deep disappoint-ment, "but, as the Saracens say, "God willist." and I am content. Bring me a draught of water."

water."

As he prepared to drink, he raised his vizor and disclosed a countenance whose noble beauty and disclosed a countenance whose noble beauty was most remarkable. His eyes were black and piercing, his hair dark and curling, his face pale, and the beard and moustache he wore, were jet

and the beard and moustache he wore, were jebblack.

The peasant looked at him with admiration.

"Will your lordship delign to sleep in my poor cottage to night!" add an old man, approaching him.

"No. Though I thank you, yet I must seek some castle near by."

"There is no habitable castle nearer than Strasbourg."

"Habitable! Are there any?"

The peasant crossed himself.

"Speak, old man. Are there any!"

God forbit that I should mention the castle of the were wolf."

of the were wolf."

"The were wolf!" said the knight, shudde ing in spite of himself. "Is there such a cast here?"

ow not. Perhaps two leagues, perhaps

"I know not. Perhaps two leagues, perhaps only half a one."
"You are old enough to know."
"I twas once but half a league distant, but, holy virgin! the lord of the Vosges who owned it, took to enchantments—"
"What then "

"Why, since then—your lordably must know that no villager has dared to go there."
"Cowards! Why not y"
"The wree wolf!"
"And what of the were wolf! Why do you speak that shborred name y"
"The lord of the Vosges committed fearful crimes in the wars where he fought for many years. He came here and leagued himself with the evil one. He lives in you castle. The were wolf now finds in this world a panishment for guilt."
"Nonemeal you are prating. Show me the

"Nonsense! you are prating. Show me the road and I will attack the were wolf this night,

and—"
A loud cry interrupted him.
"The were wolf!"
Amid screams of mortal terror the knight saw
the peasants flying to the nearest huts. The
doors were shut and barred, and pale faces looked forth from the rough holes which served as
windows to their huts.
"The cowards!" muttered the butch. "The."

windows to their huts.
"The cowards!" muttered the knight. "They
think not of me. But I would not have entered—no! by the holy cross, I fear not this

tered—no! by the holy cross, I fear not this monster."

Drawing his sword, he stood beside his horse, and waited the approach of the terrible animal. With fierce growls and fiery eyes, swittly it came—the were wolf whose name caused such terror to the villagers. It rushed swiftly down the village toward the knight. With his sword uplifted expecting an attack he stood awaiting its approach. But the wolf stopped when about two yards away, and stood perfectly still. Raising its eyes to, meet those of the knight, the animal stared him full in the face with a gleane in which the knight found a strange and potent in each of the control of the contro

"O, holy virgin! Sir knight, go not, or you die!"

"Fool! De you think me one of yourselves?"

"Go not—O, 'tis a fearfiel foe to deal with."

"Show me the road—fool that you are, or I will fell you to the earth." cried the exasperated knight, raising his sword on high.

The rearriest pointed out the way toward the castle. The road was covered with rank grass and rough atones, through which the horse found it difficult to proceed. The trees on both aides cast a gloomy shade upon the scene. Their grotseque forms rising above the strangely shapen rocks which hay strewn around, could be construed by inagination into shapes of goblin and phantoms. The wind, as it came sighing along, resemfied the mournful tone of one in lamentation. No wonder the rude peasant fancied these forests to be the chosen abode of those terrible chapes which save the soul of man. The knight-folk even in his own courageous mind some portion of dread.

"Bah!" he cried, "that is no deserted castle, no home of a were wolf."

And he gazed at a lofty edifice, whose strong walls might defy alike the hand of time and of war. The drawbridge was down, and the knight passing over it, knocked loudily at the gate. No answer came, but he heard a low growl, and looking down, he saw the glaring eyes of the wolf peering at him from the space beneath the gate. Enraged and perpleced, the knight struck furiously at the beast who, pained by the blow, filled the air with his howlings.

"Who knocks!" suddenly asked a voice.

"Who!" Is it thus that you tender hospitality! Let me in and I will tell you."

"Tell him that a noble knight is here, and open your gate instantly."

"The warder obeyed at once, and the knight reaction into a spacious courtyard. He leaped from his steed and gave it to the warder. Two men annothers the same process of the wolf beering at him from the space heanth the gate. Ranaged low, told him to follow. They crossed the yard and entered the cate itself. Passing through a hong and lot himself in a knight pasteriument, whose walds were hung w

To seges castle."

The knight bowed low and returned the saluation. At a command of the other, some serrants approached, who led the knight away and

The knight bowed low and returned the salutation. At a command of the other, some servants approached, who led the knight away and divested him of his armor.

"May I ask," said his host, after he returned, "may I ask," said his host, after he returned, "may I ask," said his host, after he returned, "may I ask the name of him whom I have the honor to entertain 19"

"I am Count Reginald De Clunie."

The lord of the Vosges started, but checked himself, and led Count Reginald to the upper end of the room. Upon a couch reclined a beautiful young creature, to whom his host made him known, calling her Celeste. So beautiful wars she that De Clunie could hardly speak from embarrassment. But the knights of those older days could never be at a loss to enliven the time in a lady's company, and De Clunie proved himse. must accomplished here.

Durag the repast which followed, Lord De Vosges seemed ill at ease. Occasionally he glanced at his guest, then he cast down his great upon the floor and became buried in thought. De Clunie was so engaged with the lovely collecte, that his host's perturbation altogether escaped his notice. The evening passed away quickly to both, and the Count De Clunie was astonished when the hour of departure came. But when he entered his chamber, and the memories of the were wolf naunted his mind, he felt sorely passed how to account for the life of the lord of the Vosges, thus passed in retirement in the midst of the forest. Then remembrances

of Celeste came—of Celeste, so beautiful and witching, and these thoughts filled his mind, accompanying him into the land of dreams. In the morning De Clunie did not leave. The invitation which was given him to remain, was accepted with Ill-concealed Joy, and the face of Celeste glowed with Pleasure as she heard of his intention to remain longer. He stayed a day longer—and yet another day. A whole formight he passed here. During most of the time he might have been seen with Celeste, either bending over her as she placed she remained to the little hand of Celeste tremble as he placed the little hand of Celeste tremble as he placed the booled falsoon on her wrist. One morning he stood sadly by the door of the great hall. He stood sadly by the door of the departure on the following day. Suddenly the lord of the Vosges entered. De Clunie approached him and apple.

"My lord, you have been a princely host to

ges entered. De Clunie approached him and spoke.

"My lord, you have been a princely host to me. I will leave to-morrow. Gladly would I stay longer, but I am called away. Yet, my lord, there is one thing of which I must speak before I go. You can easily imagine what that is—your daughter—Celester—"

Lord Vosges bowed down his head and his hand trembled as he took that of De Clunie.

"Come here. Listen to me," said he in a broken voice, as he drew his guest to a recess of the window.

"Listen to me, Coant Reginald. I have a tale which will estrange your heart from Celeste and every one of my house."

"Sever i" interrupted De Clunie.

"Say not so—listen. I was brought up in France at the home of a powerful noble, whom I will not name now, lest the mention of his name explain to you my own, and cause you to dread the narrator so much as to refue to hear his story. He had a son of my house." It is story. He had a son of my own age—a noble, handsome boy, whom I loved as tenderly as though he were my brother. Side by side we grow up, inseparable, with the same tastes and feelings. In all the manly exercises of the field, we excelled all others; and in the lighter galeties of a noble's life we were equally pre-eminent. I praise not myself—no—no—long ago I have forgotten to do that. Long ago I learned to hate and abhor myself. We left for the wars together; we fought against the Italian; we crossed over into Spain and fought against the Moors. Our trophics and our successes were equal. We were then as inseparable as now, all our exploits and adventures took place together."

De Clanie started slightly, as though some ray of knowledge had come to his mind.

But his companion did not notice it. Taken up with bitter thoughts, he sat with his eyes fixed upon the foor. After a short panse, he resumed the thread of his story.

"When we had been several years away we returned to our estates. Then for the first time, were well of the monderful exploited promoted to the same as ever, and was ready to go. He rallied me a lite ab

it so ?"
"'Tis true as the word of God!"
Lord Hubert fell upon his knees and uttered

Lord Hubert fell upon his knees and uttered thanks to heaven.
"No wonder," said he, after a long pause,
"no wonder that I could not be found. My wolves, whom I have brought up and tamed as far as possible—my wolves run through the forest oftentimes, and though harmless, yet they serve to fill all around with terror."

"The were wolf had well-nigh daunted me," said De Clunie.
"And well it might, the name is a word of terror. But no were wolf runs through this forest."

"And now, Lord Hubert, can you answer my

"And now, Lord Husert, can you answer my uestion #"

"About Celeste—she is coming; here she is," and Lord Hubert advanced toward his daughter, the had just entered. Taking her hand, he led et toward her lover, and giving it to him, he rrenulty blessed them both.

The father of Reginald hastened to answer in erson his son's, astondine measure and server in erson his son's astondine measure and server in erson his son's astondine measurement.

person his son's astounding message, and after he had seen his friend and witnessed his son's nuptials, the castle of Vosges was forsaken for the chief family seat of Sir Hubert De Courcy.

mptials, the castle of Voeges was forsaken for the chief family seat of Sir. Huber: De Courcy.

HINDOO BELLEFS.

In a rocent address before a meeting in New York, Rev. Dr. Duff made some interesting revelations in reference to the physical philosophy which is laid down in the sacred books of the relations in reference to the physical philosophy which is laid down in the sacred books of manies from the centre of the earth, an immense mountain, six hundred thousand miles in beight, its lower base being one hundred and twenty miles in breadth, and the upper part two hundred and the paper saffer of the proper saffer are the shabitations of the gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs grow huge trees of every species. The largest of these trees shades a territorial extent of seven thousanges are shades as the seven thousanges are shades as the seven thousanges are shades to the same tree of the same shades are seven thousanges are seven thousanges are seven the same seven the same seven the same seven thousanges are seven the same seven that the same seven the same seve

Botton Journal.

A RUSSIAN PUNISHMENT.

The Abbe Chapled d'Anteroche relates an exceution of a femule in the reign of Elizabeth. He states that Madame La Pookin, who was most of the most beautiful women belonging to the court of that empress, had been indiscreet enough to mention some of the endless amours element to undergo, the control of the endless amours of the endless amours of the endless amours of the endless amours on whom the great with sexonishment, and preparation. One of the executioners pulled off preparation. One of the executioners pulled off preparation. One of the executioners pulled off a cloak which covered her bosom, at which her modesty took alarm; she started back, turned pale, and burst into tears. Her clothes were waist, before the eager eyes of an immense concurse of people profoundly silent. Two of the executioners then took her by the hands, and turning her half round, they raised her upon utraining the half round, they raised her upon turning her half round, they raised her upon turning her half round, they raised her upon the executioners all patients are considered to the executioners of the conclusion of the executioners of the backs of his coadjutors, and placed her in the most proper position for receiving the ponsishment. He then the executioner of the executioner of the executioner of the executioner of the heat of the executioner of the executioner of the heat of the executioner of the executioner of the executioner of the executioner of the heat of the executioner of the executioner of the heat of the executioner of the executioner of the heat of the executioner of the executioner of the heat of th

A CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE.

A flat-footed candidate for Justice of ace, in Palestine, Texas, comes out in urnals with the following great address to vereigns:

A flat-footed candidate for Justice of the peace, in Palestine, Texas, comes out in the journals with the following great address to the overeigns:

"With the issuance of this sheet is unfurled "With the issuance of this sheet is unfurled mane before you as a candidate for the office of chief justice of Anderson county, at the ensuing August election. I do it from choice—not from solicitation. I do it, for the office is hon-rable and profitable. I feel myself competent to discharge the duties of the office. I claim on superior merit or qualification over any one would like to run the race solitary and alone; but if any are desirous, let them pitch in; it isn't deep. I stand flat-footed, square-toed, hump-shouldered, upon the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you elect me your chief justice, I will make the welkin and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear the platform of the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear meyour chief justice, I will make the welkin and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear meyour chief justice, I will make the welkin and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear meyour chief justice, I will make the welkin and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear meyour chief justice, I will make the welkin and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear well and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear well and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear well and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear well and the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear the platform of the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear the platform of the platform of free rights and true republicanism. If you clear the platform of the platform

MARRY.

Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry—If you prize rosy health, marry—and wife is heaven't leat being the says of the

Jester's Dienic.

The following is the advice of an examining judge to a young lawyer on admission.—" Let your face be long—your hills longer. Nower put your hand into your own pocket when anybody cleak's is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the judge and butter the men's matters. Plaster the judge and butter the men's matters. Plaster the your can be used to the property of the propert

Formerly in a town in this neighborho-certain doctor was choir-leader. One Sat the hymn given out by the minister, comme with the following line:

"With hyssop, purge thy sevant, Lord,"
The doctor pitched the tune, and led off; but broke down before finishing the line. He tried a second and third time with the same result-when a wag on the ground floor rose in his pew, and turning his face upward to the choir, exclaimed:—"Try some other airly, doctor."

Measures of Reform.—That the pastry offered to the world as matton pies and rapherry pulfs, should contain the ingredients set forth. That lettuces should be kept for their legitimate purpose—saleds, and not manufactured into eigent. That shirt collars shall not be worn above the brim of the hat. That a young lidy shall say the considered a misdemeator for a tailor to ask for his account. That only its kallooms shall be permitted to go up in one day.—Diogenes.

"Is he alive?" inquired a little boy the other day, as he gased on a large turtle crawling in from the second of the continuous cont

"I want a goose for Christmas day, Molly how do you sell them to-day?" inquired a rus tie of an old woman in the market.

"Ye shall ha' the twa for seven shillin".

"That will be three-and-its for one then?"

"An, na, man, take the two or name! those offices year, and I arn't so unfecilin' to appears them in their and I arn't so unfecilin' to appears them.

"Gran'ma'an," said a little ragged urchin,
"why don't the blacklegs never iry to cheat the
fellows what work in the serve factory?"

"Why, I'm sare I don't know. Why is it,"
said the doning old lady.

"Bekasa," replied the genias, "you can't
come no shindsy over them covies; they's too
serve triliant', is, ha! Grantma'an, I want a
doughant."

A young man who had lost his hair by disease, inquired of Elder P. for a receipt to reproduce the crown of manhood "where the wool ought to grow."
"Good brandy," said the elder, " is the best application I know of, and," added the jocose preaches, "when you have the hair well strandour the outside, just eake a little can de vio insensity, its clinica it."

An Irishman was asked at dimer if he would take some apple by "
"Is it houleome?" inquired Teddy.
"To be sure it is. Why do you ask."
"Because," askil Teddy, "I once had an unche that was kill with apple-bay, and arreenough? It shought it might be something of the same kind."

"What is show bread, annt?" asked He, who was reading the Bible consecutively, and tearing out the leaves as he went along, so a no to to loce the place, "what is show bread?" the bread? "bread is that which the people cern by making shoes. There is plenty of it in Lynn."

One of the best illustrations of avaries we ever heard of is that contained in an old carisme, which represents 10d Niek carrying an old miser down to his regions, and while on the grapus is making propositions to his majesty to supply him with coals.

Wild oats—a crop that is usually sown be-tween 18 and 25; the harvest generally sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough and a trunk filled with small vials and medical preparations.

Somebody advertises for agents to sell a work entitled "Hymenial Instructor." A cotemporary adds, "the hymenial instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use in learning."

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